

H. Drouot de Voltaire (A. M.)
A L Z I R A.

**A
TRAGEDY.**

As it is Acted

At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Lincoln's-Inn Fields.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball*
in *Pater-noster-Row.*

M.DCC.XXXVI.

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~~of Distinction, or cold Ceremony, between them~~
~~Goodness, and our Gratitude~~

TO
 His Royal Highness,
 that I should give up my small Pleasures

F R E D E R I C K

P R I N C E of W A L E S.

S I R,

TH O' a Prince is *born* a Patron, yet a benevolent Expansion of his Heart gives nobler Title to the *Homage of the Arts*, than all the Greatness of his Power to propagate them.—Their R E S P E C T is, (either Way) so much Your Royal Highness's unquestion'd *Due*, that He, who *asks your Leave* to offer such a Duty, calls in *Question* your Prerogative; or means to *sell* his own Acknowledgments.

They have not mark'd, with Penetration, the Distinction of your Spirit, who dare look upon you as *Inclos'd*, against the Access of *Sincerity*. The Judgment, and Humanity, of Princes are *obscur'd*, by Difficulties in approaching them. Nor *can* the Benefactors of Mankind be so far incon-

iv DEDICATION.

sistent with Themselves, as to interpose the Obstacles, of Distance, or cold Ceremony, between their Goodness, and our Gratitude.

Allow me, therefore, Sir, the Honour to present ALZIRA to your Patronage: Disclaiming (for *myself*) all Expectation of your Notice. — It is *just*, that I shou'd give up *my own* small Pretensions: But *Mr. de Voltaire* brings Title to your Royal Highness's *Regard*. — The Merit of his Work will recommend him, to your Judgment: And the Noble Justice he has done HER MAJESTY's distinguish'd *Character*, in his *French* Preface to this Tragedy, (Himself, mean while, a *Foreigner*, and writing in a *foreign Nation*) will, perhaps, deserve the Glory of the Son's *Partiality*; in Sense of Reverence for the ROYAL MOTHER.

It were indeed, some Violation of Respect, and Gratitude, not to devote ALZIRA to the Hand, that honour'd her, in Public, with an Applause so warm, and weighty, in her Representation on the *English* Theatre. — Here, *Mr. de Voltaire* enjoy'd the *Triumph*, due to Genius: while his *Heroic Characters*, at the same Time, made evident the Force of *Nature*, when it operates upon *resembling* Qualities. — When Tragedies are strong in *Sentiment*, they will be *Touchstones* to their Hearer's *Hearts*. The Narrow, and Inhumane, will be unattentive, or unmov'd: While Princely Spirits like your Royal Highness's, (impell'd by their own conscious Tendency) shew us an Example, in their generous
Sensibility,

D E D I C A T I O N.

Sensibility, how *Great Thoughts* shou'd be receiv'd,
by Those, who can *think greatly*.

Yet, in one strange Circumstance, *Alzira*
SUFFER'D, by the Honour of Your *Approbation*!
For, while the Audience hung their Eyes, upon
your Royal Highness's *discerning Delicacy*, Their
Joy, to see you *warm'd by*, and *applauding most*,
those Sentiments which draw their Force from Love
of *Pity*, and of *Liberty*, became the *Only Passion*
they wou'd feel; and thereby lessen'd their *Attention*
to the very Scenes they ow'd it to.

Can it be possible, after so important a Public
Declaration in Honour of *Passion* and *Sentiment*,
that this best Use of the *Poet's Art* shou'd, any
longer, continue to languish, under general Neglect,
or Indifference? — No, surely, Sir! — Your Royal
Highness, but *persisting* to keep Reason and Nature
in Countenance at the Theatres, will universally
establish, what you so generously and openly *avow*.
For, if where Men *love*, they will *imitate*, YOUR
Example must be *copied*, by *Millions*: till the Influ-
ence of your Attraction shall have *planted* your
Taste; and *overspread Three Kingdoms with Lau-*
rels.

It may at present perhaps, be a *fruitless*, but
it can never be an *irrational Wish*, that a Theatre
entirely *new*, (if not rather the old Ones, *new-*
modell'd) professing only what is *serious*, and *manly*,
and sacred to the Interests of *Wisdom*, and *Virtue*,
might arise, under some powerful and popular
Protection, such as That of Your Royal High-
ness's

ness's *distinguish'd Countenance*! — To what probable Lengths of Improvement, wou'd not such a *Spur* provoke *Genius*! — Or, shou'd it fail to do That, it wou'd make manifest, at least, that rather *Wit* is wanting, than *Encouragement*: and, that These opprobrious *Excrescencies* of our Stage, which, under the Disguise of *Entertainments*, have defam'd, and insulted, a *People*, had a meaner *Derivation*, than from the Hope of delighting our *Princes*.

It has been a Misfortune to Poetry, in this Nation, that it was, too superciliously, *under-rated*; and, (to acknowledge Truth, on both Sides) for the most part, *practis'd too lightly*. — But, by those who consider it according to the Demands of its Character, It will be found intitled, beyond many other Arts, to the political Affection of Princes: Being more perswasive, in its Nature, than *Rhetoric*; and more comprehensive, and animating, than *History*. — For, while History but *waits on* Fortune, with a little too servile a Restriction, Poetry *corrects*, and *commands* her: — Because, rectifying the Obliquity of *natural* Events, by a more equitable Formation of *rational* ones, the Poet (as Lord Bacon very finely, and truly, observes) instead of constraining the Mind to *Successes*, adapts, and calls out *Events*, to the Measures of *Reason*, and *Virtue*: maintaining Providence triumphant, against the Oppositions of *Nature*, and *Accident*.

And, still more to distinguish his Superiority, over the gay *Prose-Fabricks* of Imagination, the POET, as a Re-inforcement to his creative Vivacity

city of *Invention*, super-adds the Attraction of *Harmony*; and, then, pours, through the whole, an irresistible Fire, of *Enthusiasm*, wherewith to raise and to govern the PASSIONS.

Dramatic Poetry, in this bold Purpose, acts with most immediate, and manifest, Consequence; because, assembling, together, all, that animates, invites, or inforces: It works, with incredible Influence, upon the Spirits, and Passions, of a People: after they have been refin'd, and induc'd, to its Relish. — It does This, in so confess'd a Degree, that our great Philosopher, abovenamed, undertaking (in his *De Augmentis Scientiarum*) professedly, to consider it's Prevalence, beautifully calls it the Bow of the Mind: as if, to express it more clearly, He had said, The Stage is an Instrument, in the Hands of the Poet, as capable of giving Modulation, and Tone, to the HEART; — as the Bow, to the VIOLIN, in the Hands of a Musician.

There is another Advantage, in Poetry, which still further intitles it to the Protection of Princes, who are Lovers (like your Royal Highness) of Ages, which are only to bear of them. — Other Arts have some single, and limited, Effect: but the Creations of Poetry, have a Power to multiply their Species, in New and Emulative Successions, of Virtue, and Heroism: the SEEDS, as it were, of those Passions, which produce noble Qualities, being sown, in all Poems, of Genius. —

If

If such desirable Effects are, now, less common than antiently, It is only because, sometimes, *Tuneful Emptiness* is mistaken for Poetry; and, sometimes, *calm, cold, Sense*, convey'd in *unpassionate Metre*: whereas Poetry has no Element, but *PASSION*; and therefore, *Rhyme, Turn, and Measure*, are but fruitless *Affectations*; where a *SPIRIT* is not found, that conveys the *Heat*, and *Embustiasm*. — The Poet, to say all, in a Word, who can be read, without Excitement of the most passionate Emotions in the Heart, having been, *busily, losing his Pains*; like a Smith, who wou'd fashion *Cold Iron*. — He has the regular *Return*, in the Descent of the Strokes; — the insignificant *Jynge*, in the Ring of the Sound; — and the hammering *Delight* in the Labour: — But, he has neither the *Penetration*, the *Glow*; — nor the *Sparkling*: to show it not
 When, in some unbending Moments, your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely Measures, for diminishing our *Pretences* to Poetry, yet augmenting it's *essential Growth*, how kind wou'd Heaven be, to the legitimate Friends of the *Muses*, shou'd it, at those Times, Whisper in your Ear, that *no Art ever flourished* (in Monarchies) *till the Favour of the Court made it fashionable?*
 On my own Part, I have little to say, worth the Honour of your Royal Highness's Notice: being no more than an *humble Solicitor*, for an Event I have nothing to hope from. Nor that I presume to represent myself as too *Stoical*, to feel the Advantage

Vantage of Distinction. I am only *too busy*, to be disposed for pursuing it: having *Renounc'd* the World, without *quitting* it; that, *standing aside* in an uncrowded Corner, I might escape being hurried along in the Dust of the *Show*; and quietly see, and consider, *the Whole*, as it *passes*: instead of acting a *Part in it*; and That, perhaps, but a *poor* one.

In a Situation, so calm, and untroubled, there arises a salutary *Habitude*, of supposing *DISTINCTION* to be lodg'd in the *Mind*; — and *AMBITION*, in the *Use*, and *Command*, of the *Faculties*. — Such a Choice may be *silent*; but it is not *unastirre*. — Nay, I am afraid, he, who makes it, is but a concealed Kind of *EPICURE*; notwithstanding his Pretences to *Forbearance*, and *Philosophy*. For, while he partakes, in full Relish, all the naked *Enjoyments* of Life, he throws nothing of it away, but it's *false Face*, and it's *Prejudices*. — He takes Care to live at *Peace*, in the very Centre of *Malice*, and *Faction*: for, viewing Greatness, *without Hope*, he views it, also, *without Envy*.

Upon the whole, tho' there may be a Suspicion of something too *selfish*, in this *personal System of Liberty*, it will free a Man, in a Moment, from all those *byassing Partialities*, which hang their dead weight upon *Judgment*; and leave him, as *disinterested* a Spectator of the *Virtues*, or *Vices* of *cotemporary Greatness*, as of That, which History has transmitted to him, from Times he had no-
a
thing

thing to do with. — I am, therefore, *sure, it is*
NO FLATTERY, when I congratulate your
 Royal Highness, on the human Glories of your
future Reign: and thank you for a thousand Bless-
 ings, *I expect not to partake of.*

In a Situation so calm, and untroubled, there
 is a *Wish* to be in it; and that, perhaps, I am, *but a poor one.*
 With a profound Respect,

SIR,
 YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble, Servant,

A. HILL.

THE
PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. GIFFARD.

WHEN some raw Padd'ler, from the waded Shore,
First, dares the deep'ning Stream, and ventures o'er.
Light on his floating CORK, the Wave he Skims;
And, wanton in his Safety, thinks, he SWIMS.
So, shall ALZIRA'S FAME our Faults protect:
And, from your Censure, screen each fear'd Defect.
For ——— shou'd we act, un-skill'd, the PLAYER'S Parts;
We act such SCENES — as force us, to your Hearts.

What Floods of Tears a neighb'ring Land saw flow,
When a whole People wept Alzira's Woe!
The loveliest Eyes of France, in one pleas'd Night,
Twice charm'd, — renew'd, and lengthen'd-out, Delight.
Twice charm'd, review'd the sad, the melting, Strain:
Yet, — hung — insatiate — on the willing Pain!
Thrice thirty Days, All Paris sigh'd, for — SENSE!
Tumblers — stood still — and thought! — in WIT'S Defence!
Ev'n Power despotic felt, how Wrongs can move:
And, nobly, wept — for LIBERTY, and LOVE!

Can it be fear'd, then, — that Our gen'rous Land,
Where Justice blooms, and Reason holds Command;
This Soil of Science! where bold Truth is taught,
This Seat of Freedom! and this Throne of Thought!

*Can pour Applause, on foreign Song, and Dance,
Yet, leave the Praise of solid Sense, to France!
No — That's impossible, — 'tis Britain's Claim,
To hold no Second Place, in Taste, or Fame.
In Arts, and Arms, alike victorious known,
Whate'er deserves Her Choice, she makes her own.*

*Nor, let the conscious Power of English Wit
Lest feel the Force — because a French-man Writ.
Reason and Sentiment, — like Air and Light,
Where-ever found, are Nature's common Right.
— Since the same Sun gives Northern Climes their Day,
After the East, has, first, receiv'd it's Ray,
Why should our Pride, repel the Muses' Smile,
Because it darw'd not, first, upon our Isle?*

*Fraternal Art ADOPTS each Alien Fame:
The Wise, and Brave, are, Ev'ry-where, the Same.
From hostile Sentiments, let Discord flow;
But, They who think like Friends, should have No Foe.*

THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. GIFFARD.

THE Fifth Act past, you'll think it strange, to find
My Scene of deep Distress is, yet, behind!
Task'd, for the Epilogue, I fear you'll blame
My want — of what you love, behind that Name.
But, for my Soul, I can't, from such High Scening,
Descend, plum down at once, — to Double-meaning.
Judges! protect me — and pronounce it fit,
That Solemn Sense, shou'd end, with Serious Wit.

*When the full Heart o'erflows, with pleasing Pain,
Why should we wish, to make th' Impression vain?
Why, when two thinking Hours, have fixt the Play,
Shou'd two light Minutes, laugh it's Use away?
'Twere to proclaim our Vertues but a JEST,
Should they who ridicule 'em, please us, best.*

*No, — rather, at your Actor's Hands, require
Off'rings more Apt; and a Sublimer Fire!
Thoughts, that may rivet, not efface, the Scene:
Aids to the Mind: not Flatt'ries for the Spleen.
When Love, Hate, Pity, — Doubt, Hope, Grief, and Rage,
With clashing Infence, fire the glowing Stage;
When the touch'd Heart, relenting into Woe,
From Others Fate, does its own Danger know;*

When

*When soft'ning Tenderness unlocks the Mind,
And the stretch'd Bosom takes in all Mankind:
Sure! 'tis no Time, for the bold Hand of Wit
To snatch back Virtues, from the plunder'd Pit!*

*Still, be it Ours, to give you Scenes, thus strong,
And Yours, to cherish, and retain 'em, long!
Then, shall the Stage its General Use endear;
And every Virtue, gather Firmness, here.
Pow'r be, to Pardon, — Wealth to Pity, Mov'd;
And Truth be taught the Art, to grow belov'd;
Women, to charm, with fast, and sure, Effect;
And Men, to love 'em, with a soft Respect.
Till All alike, some diff'rent Motive rouses:
And Tragedy, (un-farc'd) invites full Houses.*

Persons

Persons Represented.

Don Antonio, Governor of Peru, by Mr. Wright.
for the Spaniards.

Don Alvaro, Indian of Peru, by Mr. Gifford.
Chief, and former Governor.

Don Alvaro, Indian of Peru, by Mr. Gifford.
Part of the Company.

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Part of the Company.

PERSONS Represented.

Don CARLOS, Governor of Peru, } *By Mr. Wright.*
for the Spaniards,

Don ALVAREZ, Father of Don } *By Mr. Giffard.*
Carlos, and former Governor,

ZAMOR, Indian Sovereign, of one } *By Mr. Johnson.*
Part of the Country,

EZMONT, Indian Sovereign, of } *By Mr. Havard.*
another Part,

ALZIRA, Daughter of Ezmont, *By Mrs. Giffard.*

EMIRA, } *Alzira's Women.*
CEPHANIA, }

Spanish and American Captains and Soldiers.

SCENE, in the City of LIMA.

ALZIRA
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don ALVAREZ, Don CARLOS.

ALVAREZ.

AT length, the *Council*, partial to my Prayer,
Has, to a Son, I love, transferr'd my Power.
Carlos, rule, happy: be a *Viceroy*, long!
Long, for thy Prince, and for thy God, maintain
This younger, richer, lovelier, Half the Globe;
Too fruitful, heretofore, in *Wrongs*, and *Blood*:
Crimes, the lamented Growths of powerful *Gold*!
Safe, to thy abler Hand, devolve resign'd,
Those Sovereign Honours, which oppress'd my Years,
And dimm'd the feeble Lamp of wasted Age.
Yet had it, long, and not unuseful, *flam'd*.
I, first, o'er wond'ring *Mexico*, in Arms,
March'd the new Horrors of a *World unknown*!
I steer'd the floating Towers of fearless *Spain*
Through the plow'd Bosom of an *untried Sea*!

B

Too

Too *happy*, had my Labours been so blest'd,
 To change my brave Associate's rugged Souls,
 And soften stubborn HEROES into MEN.
 Their *Cruelties*, my Son, eclips'd their Glory:
 And I have *wept* a Conqu'ror's splendid *Shame*,
 Whome Heaven *not better* made, and, yet, made *Great*!

Wearied at length, I reach my Life's last Verge;
 Where I shall, peaceful, veil my Eyes, in Rest;
 If, e're they close, they but behold my *Carlos*
 Ruling *Potosi's* Realm, by *Christian* Laws,
 And making *Gold* more *rich*, by Gifts from Heaven.

D. *Carlos*. Taught and supported, by *your* great Example,
 I learnt, beneath your Eye, to *conquer*, Realms
 Which, by your Councils, I may learn to *govern*:
 Giving those *Laws*, I first, receive, from *you*.

Alvarez. Not so. — Divided Power is Power *dis-arm'd*.
 Outworn by *Labour*, and decay'd by *Time*,
 Pomp is no more my Wish. Enough, for *Me*,
 That, heard in *Council*, Age may temper *Rashness*.

Trust me, Mankind but ill rewards the Pains
 Of over-prompt Ambition. — 'Tis, *now*, Time
 To give my long-neglected *God* those Hours,
 Which close the languid Period of my Days.

One only Gift I ask: refuse not *That*.
 As Friend, I *ask* it; and, as Father, *claim*.
 Pardon those poor *Americans*, condemn'd,
 For wand'ring hither, and, this Morning, seiz'd.
 To my Disposal give 'em kindly up,
 That Liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.

A Day like *This* should merit Smiles from All;
 And Mercy, soft'ning Justice, mark it *blest'd*.

D. *Carlos*. Sir, all, that *Fathers* ask, they *must* command.
 Yet, condescend to recollect, how far
 This Pity, undeserv'd, might hazard All.
 In infant Towns like ours, methinks 'twere safe,
 Not to familiarize these Savage Spies.

M T R A G E D Y

If we accustom Foes to look, too near,
 We teach 'em, at our Cost, to flight those Swords,
 They once flew trembling from, whene'er they saw
 Frowning *Revenge*, and Awe of distant *Dread*,
 Not smiling *Friendship*, tames these fullen Souls.
 The sow'r *American*, unbroke, and wild,
 Spurns, with indignant Rage, and bites his Chain,
 Humble when punish'd; if regarded, Fierce.
 Power *sickens* by Forbearance: Rigid Men,
 Who feel not Pity's Pangs, are best obey'd.
Spaniards, 'tis true are rul'd by Honour's Law,
 Submit unmurm'ring, and unforc'd go right.
 But, other Nations are impell'd by *Fear*;
 And must be rein'd, and spur'd, with hard Controll.
 The Gods themselves, in this ferocious Clime,
 Till they look grim with *Blood*, excite no *Dread*.

Alvarez. Away, my Son, with these detested Schemes!
 Perish such politic *Reproach* of Rule!
 Are we made Captains in our Maker's Cause,
 O'er these *new Christians* call'd to stretch his Name,
 His peaceful Name! and shall we, unprovok'd,
 Bear Murders, which our *holy Cheats* presume
 To mispronounce His injur'd Altar's *Due*!
 Shall we dis-people Realms, and kill to save!

Such if the Fruits of *Spain's* religious Care,
 I, from the distant Bounds of our old World,
 Have to this new one, stretch'd a Saviour's Name,
 To make it hateful to One Half the Globe,
 Because no Mercy grac'd the *Other's* Zeal!

No, my mis-guided *Carlos*, the broad Eye
 Of One Creator takes in All Mankind.
 His Laws expand the Heart: and we, who, thus,
 Wou'd, by Destruction, propagate Belief,
 And mix, with *Blood*, and *Gold*, Religion's Growth;
 Stamp in these *Indian's* honest Breasts a Scorn
 Of all we teach, from what they see, we do.

D. Carlos, Yet, the learn'd Props of our un-erring Church.
Whome Zeal, for saving Souls, deprives of Rest,
Taught my late Youth, committed to their Care,
That Ignorance, *averse*, must be *compell'd*.

Alvarez. Our Priests are all for Vengeance, Force and Fire:
And only in his *Thunder*, Act their God.

Hence, we seem *Thieves*; and what we seem, we are.

Spain has robb'd every Growth of this new World,

Even to it's *Savage Nature*! — Vain, Unjust,

Proud, Cruel, Covetous, *we, we*, alone,

Are the *Barbarians*, here! — An Indian Heart

Equals, in Courage, the most prompt of ours,

But, in Simplicity of artless *Truth*,

And every honest, native Warmth, *excells* us.

Had *They* like Us, been *bloody*; had they not

By *Pity's* Power been mov'd, and *Virtue's* Love,

No Son of mine had heard a *Father*, now,

Reprove his erring Rashness. — You forget,

That, when a *Pris'ner*, in these People's Hands

Gall'd and provok'd by Cruelty and Wrongs,

While my brave Foll'wers *fell* on every Side,

Till I alone surviv'd, some *Indians* knew me;

Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my Name.

At once they threw their Weapons to the Ground;

And a young *Savage Chief*, whom, yet, I *know not*,

Graceful, approach'd; and, kneeling, press'd my Knees.

“ Alvarez! is it you, (he cry'd) — Live, long!

“ Ours be your *Virtue*, but not ours your *Blood*!

“ Live — and instruct Oppressors, to be lov'd.

— Bless'd be those *Tears*, my Son! — I think, you weep!

Joy to your soft'ning Soul! *Humanity*

Has Power, in *Nature's* Right, beyond a *Father*.

But, from what *Motive* sprung this late *Decline*,

From Clemency of Heart to new-born Rigour?

Had you been *always* Cruel, with what Brow

Cou'd you have hop'd to charm the lov'd *Alzira*?

Heirefs

Heirefs to Realms, dis-peopled by your Sword!
And tho' your *Captive*, yet your *Conqueror*, too.
Trust me, — with Women *worth* the being *won*, —
The *softest* Lover, ever, best succeeds.

D. Car. Sir, I obey: YOUR *Pleasure* breaks their Chains;
Yet, 'tis their Duty to embrace our *Faith*:
So runs the King's Command. — To *merit* Life,
Quit they their *Idol Worship*, and be *free*:
So, thrives Religion, and compels the *Blind*:
So, draws o'ur holy Altar Souls, by Force,
Till Opposition dies, and sleeps in Peace:
So, *links*, a govern'd World, in *Faith's* strong Chain;
And but *One Monarch* serves; and but *ONE GOD*.

Alv. Hear me, my Son. — That, crown'd, in this new World,
Religion may erect her holy Throne,
Is what, with ardent Zeal, my Soul desires!
Let *Heaven* and *Spain* find, here, no future *Foe*!
Yet, ne'er did *Persecution's* Offspring thrive:
For, the *forc'd* Heart, submitting, still *resists*.
Reason *gains* all Men, by *compelling* None.
Mercy was always *Heaven's* distinguish'd Mark:
And He, who bears it not, has no Friend *there*.

D. Car. Your Reasons, like your Arms, are sure to conquer.
I am instructed, and ennobled, by 'em!
Indulgent Virtue dwells in all you say,
And softens, while you speak, the list'ning Soul!

Since Heaven has bless'd you with this powerful Gift,
To breath *Perfuasion*, and un-charm *Resolves*,
Pronounce me favour'd, and you *make* me so.
Warm my *Alzira's* Coldness: dry her *Tears*:
And *teach* her to be mine. — I love that Maid,
Spite of my *Pride*! blush at it — but, still *love* her!
Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding *Scorn*,
Unman the *Soldier*, in the *Lover's* Cause.
I cannot stoop to fan a hopeless *Flame*,
And be, in *vain*, her *Slave*. — You, Sir, might aid me: Y

You can do all Things with *Alzira's* Father,
 — Bid him *command* his Daughter to be kind.
 Bid him — But, whither would my Love mislead me!
 Forgive the blind Presumption, of a Hope,
 That, to my Int'rest, stoops my Father's Rank;
 And sends him, *Beggar*, to an *Indian's* Door!

Alv. 'Tis done, already. — I have urg'd it to him.
Ezmont has mov'd his Daughter, in your Cause:
 Wait the prepar'd Event. Heaven has been kind;
 Since these illustrious Captives, Both, are *Christians*;
Ezmont, my Convert, and his Daughter, *His*.
Alzira governs a whole *People's* Minds:
 Each watchful *Indian* reads her studied Eye,
 And to *Her* silent *Heart* conforms his own.
 Your Marriage shall unite two distant *Worlds*:
 For, when the stern Repiner at our Law
 Sees, in your Arms, the Daughter of his King,
 With humbler Spirit, and with Heart less fierce,
 His willing Neck shall court the Yoke he scorn'd.

But look, where *Ezmont* comes! — Retire, my Son:
 And leave me to complete the Task begun. [*Exit D. Car.*

Enter EZMONT.

Welcome, my Friend: Your Council, or Command,
 Has left, I hope, *Alzira*, well resolv'd.

Ezm. Great *Father* of the *Friendless*! — Pardon, yet,
 If One, whose Sword seem'd fatal to her Race,
 Keeps her Heart cold, with some Remains of Horror.
 We move with *ling'ring* Steps, to Those we fear.

But Prejudice will fly, before *your* Voice;
 Whose winning *Manners* consecrate your *Laws*. —
 To you, who gave us Heaven, our *Earth* is due.
 Yours our *new Being*! our enlighten'd Souls!
Spain may hold *Realms*, by Purchase of her *Sword*:
 And *Worlds* may yield to *POWER* — but *WE*, to *VIRTUE*.
 Your bloody Nation's unsucceeding Pride

Had made their God disgustful as their Crimes!
 We saw him, *hateful*, in their murd'rous Zeal;
 But lov'd him, in your Mercy. — From your Heart,
 His Influence stream'd accepted: and my Crown,
 My Daughter, and my Soul, became your Slaves.
 Father, alike, of *Carlos*, and of *Me*,
 I give him my *Alzira*, for your Sake:
 And, with her, all *Potosi*, and *Peru*.
 Summon the reverend Choir; prepare the Rites:
 And trust my Promise, for my Daughter's Will.

Alv. Bless'd be the long-wish'd Sound! — This great Work pass,
 I shall go down in Peace, and bail my Grave.

O! Thou! Great Leader! whose Almighty Hand
 Drew the dark Veil aside, that hid new Worlds;
 Smile on this Union, which, confirm'd by Thee,
 Shall, in one Empire, grasp the circled Globe,
 And task the Sun's whole Round, to measure Spain!

Ezmont, farewell, — I go, to greet my Son,
 With welcome News, how much he owes my Friend. [Exit.]

EZMONT, alone,

Thou! nameless Power, unequal'd, and Alone!
 Whose dreadful Vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,
 My Country, and Her Gods, too weak, to save!
 Protect my failing Years from new Distress.
 Robb'd of my All: but This One Daughter left me;
 Oh! guard her Heart, and guide her, to be bless'd!

Enter ALZIRA.

Daughter, be happy, while Good-fortune courts thee:
 And, in thy Blessing, cheer thy Country's Hope.
 Protect the Vanquish'd: Rule the Victor's Will:
 Seize the bent Thunder, in his lifted Hand;
 And from Despair's low Seat, remount a Throne.
 Lend the lov'd Public thy reluctant Heart;
 And, in the Joy of Millions, find thy own.

Nay,

Nay, do not weep, *Alzira*: Tears will, now,
Seem Insults; and reproach thy Father's Care.

Alz. Sir, my whole Soul, devoted, feels your Power.
Yet, if *Alzira's* Peace was ever dear,
Shut not your Ear to my despairing Grief;
But, in my *Nuptials*, read my certain *Doom*.

Exm. Urge it no more: It is an ill-tim'd Sorrow.
Away. I had thy kind Consent before.

Alz. No, — You *compell'd* the frightful Sacrifice:
And, ah! remorseless Heaven! — at what a Time!
When the rais'd Sword of this all-murd'ring Lover
Hangs o'er my People's Heads, with threat'ning Sway,
To strike the trembling Remnant from my Sight,
And mark my Nuptial Day, a Day of Death!

Omens on *Omens* have pronounc'd it *cur's'd*.
Exm. Quit these vain Fears, these superstitious Dreams
Of un-confiding Ignorance! What Day?
What *Omens*? — We ourselves, who *thuse* our Acts,
Make our own Days, or happy, or accurs'd.

Alz. 'Twas on *this Day*, the Pride of all our State,
Zamor, the Great, the Warlike *Zamor*, fell:
Zamor, my Lover, and your purpos'd Son

Exm. *Zamor* was brave: and I have mourn'd his Fall.
But the cold Grave *dissolves* ev'n *Lovers' Vows*.
Bear to the Altar then a Heart resolv'd:
And let thy summon'd Virtue check thy Weakness.
Was not thy Soul enroll'd a *Christian*, lately?
The awful Power, that lent those *Christians* Name,
Speaks, in my Voice; *commands* thee to be won.
Hear Him: and learn Obedience to *His Will*.

Alz. Alas, my Father! *spare* this dreadful Zeal.
Has not the Parent spoke? Why speaks the God?
I know, and I confess, a Father's Power:
At *His Command*, to sacrifice the Life
He gave me, is a Duty, Nature taught.
But, my Obedience passes Nature's Bounds;
Whate'er

Whate'er I see is, with my Father's Eyes;
 Whate'er I love is, for my Father's Sake;
 I chang'd my very Gods, and took my Father's.
 Yet, has this Father, piously severe,
 Wrong'd my believing Weakness, and undone me.

He told me, to compose my troubled Heart,
 Peace held her Dwelling at the Altar's Foot.
 He told me, that Religion cur'd Despair;
 And soften'd every Pang, that pierc'd the Soul.
 But, ah! 'twas all Deceit! all, dear Delusion!
 Mix'd with the Image of an awful God,
 A human Image struggles in my Heart,
 And checks my willing Vertue, in its Rising.
 Zamor, tho' dead to Nature, lives, to Love.
 Zamor still triumphs in Alzira's Breast;
 Lord of her Soul, and holds back all her Wishes.

You frown. — Alas! you blame a Guilt you caus'd.
 Quench then this Flame, too hard for Death and Time;
 And force me to be His, whom most I hate.
 If my lov'd Country bids, I must obey.

Yet, while by Force you join *unsocial* Hands,
 Tremble, whene'er you drag me to the Altar,
 Tremble, to hear my Tongue deceive my God:
 To hear me, to this *hated Tyrant*, vow
 A Heart, that beats unchang'd, *Another's Due*.

Exm. Alas, my Child, what *unweigh'd* Words are These!
 Pity my Age, unfit for *length'ning* Woes:
 Nature asks Rest: Pity these falling Tears.

By all our Fates, that all depend on THEE,
 Let me conjure thee, to be *blest'd*, Thyself,
 Nor close in *Misery*, my Life's last Scene.
 Why do I live, but to redeem thy Hopes?
 For thy own Sake, not mine, assist my Care.
 Blast not the ripening Prospect of thy Peace,
 Hard, and with labour'd Patience, slowly grown.
 Now, on thy instant Choice, depends thy Fate!

Nor *only* thine, but a whole *People's* Fate!
 Wilt thou *betray* them? have they *other* Help?
 Have they a *Hope*, but *THEE*? — Think, think, *Alzira*;
 And nobly lose *Thyself*, to save a *State*. [Exit.

Alz. Cruel Accomplishment! sublime Defect!
 So, *feign* we *Virtues*, to *become* a *Throne*,
 Till *Publick Duty* drowns our *private Truth*.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Princess, you give a *Lover* Cause to doubt,
 That this long Labour of your slow Consent
 Springs, from a Heart too *cold* to feel his Flame.

While, for *your* Sake, suspended Law forbears
 To punish Rebels, whom *you* wish to *save*,
 Ungrateful, you compel a *Nation's Freedom*;
 And bind, in Recompence, *my Chains*, more close!

Yet, misconceive me not. — I would not owe
 A soften'd Sentiment to having *serv'd* you:
 That were to *bribe* a Heart my *Pride* wou'd *win*.
 I shou'd, with mingled *Joy* and *Blushes*, gain you,
 If, as my Perquisite of *Power* you fell.
 Let me *attract*, not *force* you. — I would owe you,
 All, to *yourself*: Nor cou'd I *taste* a Joy,
 That, in your *giving* it, might cost you Pain.

Alz. Join, Sir, my fruitless *Prayers* to angry Heaven! —
 This *dreadful Day* comes charg'd with *Pains*, for *Both*.
 — No Wonder you *detect* my troubled Soul:
 It bursts unveil'd from my *disclosing EYES*;
 And glows on every *Feature's* honest *Air*.
 Such is the *Plainness* of an *Indian Heart*,
 That It *disdains* to sculk behind the Tongue;
 But *throws out* all its Wrongs, and all its Rage.
 She who can hide her Purpose, can *betray*:
 And That's a *Christian* Vertue, I've not learnt.

D. Car. I love your Frankness, but reproach its Cause.
Zamor, remember'd *Zamor*, speaks, in *This*.

With

With Hatred, stretch'd beyond th' Extent of *Life*,
He crosses, from the *Tomb*, his Conq'ror's Will;
And, felt through *Death*, revenges rival I e
Cease to *complain*, and you may learn to *hear*.
My *Fame*, your *Duty*, *Both*, require a *Change*:
And, I *must* wish, It were from *Tears*, to *Joy*.

Alz. A Rival's *Grave* shou'd *bury* Jealousy.
But, whence your *Right*, to *censure* Sorrow for him?
I lov'd him: I *proclaim* it. Had I *not*,
I had been blind to *Sense*, and lost to *Reason*.
Zamor was all the *Prop* of our fal'n *World*:
And (but He lov'd *me* much) confess'd *no Weakness*!
Had I *not mourn'd* a *Fate*, He *not* deserv'd,
I had *deserv'd* the *Fate*, He felt unjustly.

For *You*, — be *proud* no more: but dare be *honest*.
Far from presuming to reproach my *Tears*,
Honour my *Constancy*; and praise my *Virtue*.
Cease to regret the *Dues* I pay the *Dead*:
And *merit*, if you *can*, a *Heart* thus faithful. [Exit.

Don CARLOS, alone.

Spite of my fruitless *Passion*, I confess,
Her *Pride*, thus darting its *sincere* *Disdain*,
Astonishes my *Thought*, and charms my *Anger*.
— *What*, then, shall I *resolve*? — Must it cost more,
To tame One female *Heart*, than all *Peru*!
Nature, adapting her to suit her *Climate*,
Left her all *savage*, yet all *shining*, too!

But, 'tis my *Duty* to be *Master*, here;
Where (she alone excepted) *All* obey.
Since then too faintly I her *Heart* incline,
I'll force her stubborn *Hand*, and fix her mine.

END of the FIRST ACT,

A C T II.

ZAMOR, and four Indian Captains, in Chains.

ZAMOR.

FRRIENDS! who have *dar'd* beyond the Strength of
Mortals!

Whose Courage scorn'd Restraint, and *grew*, in Danger!
Associates, in my Hopes, and my Misfortunes!
Since we have *lost* our Vengeance, let *Death* find us!
Why should we, longer, be *condemn'd* to Life,
Defenceless, to our Country, and *Alzira*?

Yet, why should *Spanish Carlos* scape our Swords?
Why thrive, beneath a Weight of *un-check'd* Crimes?
And why has Heaven *forsaken*, Us, and VIRTUE?

Ye strengthless Powers! whose Altars smok'd in *vain*!
Gods, of a *faithful*, yet a *cheated*, People!
Why have you thus, *betray'd* us, to the Foe?
Why had six hundred, *Spanish Vagrants*, Power
To crush my Throne, your Temples, Rites, and You?
Where are your *Altars*? where my *Glories*, Now?
Where is *Alzira*? more, *Herself*, a God,
Than your collected *Queens*, of fancied Heaven!

Helpless, once more, thou see'st me, — *lost Peru*!
O'er shifting Sands, through Desarts, cross'd in vain,
From Forest Wilds, impervious to the Sun;
From the World's Wastes, beneath the burning Zone,
I brought thee *un-hop'd* Aid! The wond'ring Stars
Beheld me, gath'ring from remotest *Wilds*,
New Strength, new Prospects — and new *Means* — to die!
Your Arms, your Furtherance, your vast Support,

TOA

20

New-

New-furnish'd my Desires, and wing'd my Hope.
Vengeance and *Love*, once more, had man'd my Heart.
 But, ah! how *vain* That Hope! how *lost* That *Vengeance*!
 The Slaves of *Avarice* are Honour's *Masters*!

Ind. Cap. Why left we, in the neighb'ring Woods, our
 Forces?

Why dar'd we pass, too bold, their guarded Gates,
 Alone, and un-supported, — rash *Discoverers*?

Zam. Seiz'd but this Morning, from our Dungeon's Depth,
 Th' infernal Murderers have hither brought us,
 Unknowing to *what Death*, tho' sure to die.
 Yet, it o'erjoys me, we have *met*, once more.
 But *where*? what Place is This? Has none yet heard
Who governs, here? what Fate *Alzira* found?
 Whether her Father is, like us, their *Slave*?
 Dear, wretched Friends, who share a Death, *my Due*,
 Can none instruct me, what I wish to know?

Ind. Cap. From sep'rate Prisons, hither led, like *you*,
 Through diff'rent Streets we came, the *Cause* not known:
 All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.
 Great, but unhappy, Prince! deserving, long,
 A nobler Fate! our silent Souls lament
 Our Want of Power to save so lov'd a Leader.
 Now — to die *with you*, is our Noblest Claim,
 Since, to die *for you*, was a Choice *denied* us.

Zam. Next the wish'd Glory of Success in War,
 The greatest is, to *die*, and die, *renown'd*.
 But, to die *Noteless*, in the Shameful *Dark*,
 To die, and leave in Chains our suffering Country!
 To fall, undignified, by *Villains'* Hands:
 The Sacrifice, of *Europe's* outcast Bloodhounds!
 Horrid, with *Others'* Wounds, and poorly Rich,
 With *Others'* plunder'd *Treasure*! die, by *Butchers*!
 Blood-stain'd *Insulters* of a yielded World!
Riflers, who gave me up, to *tire* their Tortures,
 But, for Discovery of the Gold I *scorn'd*,

As Dross, less valued, and less wish'd than *They*!
 To be, in Death, the Cause of my *Friends' Dying*!
 To die, and leave *Alzira*, to my Murderers!
 THIS is a Death of *Horror*, not of *Fame*!
 This is the *Body's Death* — but *shakes the Soul*!

Enter ALVAREZ, with a Guard of Spaniards.

Alv. Live : and be free.

[*Spanish Soldiers unfetter the Indians.*]

Zam. Ye Gods, of lost *Peru*!

What do I hear! — said he, *Be free, and live*?

What vast, mysterious, *Accident* of *Virtue*?

Some Power Divine, in Sport, deceives my Wonder!

Thou seem'st a *Spaniard*! — and, — but thou *FORGIV'ST*,

I cou'd have sworn thee, *Christian*! — who? what *art* thou?

Art thou some *God*? or this new *City's King*?

Alv. *Christian* I am; and *Spaniard*: but No *King*.

Yet, serves my *Power*, to save the *Weak, distress'd*.

Zam. What thy *Distinction* then? thou gen'rous *Wonder*!

Alv. The Love of *Pity*, when the Wretched, want it.

Zam. *Pity*! and *Christian*! — what inspir'd thy Greatness?

Alv. My *Memory*, my *Duty*; and my *God*.

Zam. Thy *God*? — perhaps then, these insatiate *Wasters*,

These human *Seemers*, with but *Forms* of Men;

These Thirsters after only *Gold* and *Blood*:

From some *coarse, lawless*, Part of *Europe*, came;

And serve some *bloodier God*, that wars with *Thine*?

Alv. Their *Faith* the same with mine, but not their *Nature*:

Christians by Birth, by Error made *Un-christian*,

In Power grown giddy, they *disgrace* Command.

Thou know'st their *Faults*, too well: now, know my *DUTY*.

Twice has the Sun's broad *Traverse* girt the *Globe*,

Twice, wheel'd the *Summer*, round your *World*, and ours;

Since a brave *Indian*, Native of your *Land*,

To whome *Surprize in Ambush* made me *Captive*,

Gave me the *forfeit Life* his *Sword* had won.

The

The *unexpected* Mercy forc'd my *Blushes*:
For, I perceiv'd, *Compassion* of YOUR Woes,
Was but a *Duty*, when I thought, 'twas *Virtue*.

Thenceforth, your Countrymen became my Brothers;
And, I have, now, but *one* Complaint against them;
— That I must never *know*, his Name, who sav'd me.

Zam. He has *Alvarez's* Voice! He has his Features!
His Age the *same*, too; and the *same* his Story!
'Tis *He*! — there is *no other* Honest Christian.

Look on us All: and recollect his *Face*,
Who, wisely spar'd thy Life, to spread thy *Virtues*.

Alv. Come nearer, noble Youth. — By Heaven, 'tis *He*!
Now, my dim Eyes, you teach me my *Decay*,
That cou'd not let me *see* my *Wish* indulg'd,
But clouded ev'n my *Gratitude*! — My *Son*!
My Benefactor! Saviour of my Age!
What can I do! instruct me to *deserve* thee.
Dwell in my Sight; and I will *be* thy *Father*.
Thou wilt have *lost* the Merit of thy *Gift*,
If, from the Power it gave, Thou claim'st no *Payment*.

Zam. Trust me, my Father, had thy *Spanish* Sons
Shewn but a Glimm'ring of thy awful *Virtue*,
Grateful *Peru*, now, *desolately*, Theirs,
Had been a peopled World, of *willing* Slaves.
But Cruelty, and Pride, and Plunder, claim them.
Rather than live, among that *felon* Race,
Hide, hide me, silent *Death*; and screen my Soul
From the reliefless Rage of *un-felt* Curses.

All I wou'd *ask*, All I will *take*, from *Spain*,
Is but, to be inform'd, if *Exmont* *LIVES*?
Or, has his Blood new-stain'd their Hands with Murder?
Exmont? — perhaps you knew him not? — That *Exmont*,
Who was *Alzira's* Father? — I must stop,
And weep — before I dare go on, to ask —
Whether — That Father, — and That Daughter — *live*? —
Alv.

Alv. Hide not thy Tears : weep boldly — and be proud
To give the *flowing Virtue* manly *Way*.
’Tis Nature’s *Mark*, to know an *honest* Heart by.
Shame on those Breasts of *Stone*, that cannot *Melt*,
In soft *Adoption* of *Another’s* Sorrow.

But, be *Thou comforted* : for, both thy Friends
Live ; and are happy, *here*.

Zam. And, shall I see ’em ?

Alv. *Ezmont*, within this Hour, shall teach his Friend,
To *live*, and *hope* — and be as blest’d, as *He*.

Zam. ALZIRA’S *Ezmont* ? —

Alv. From *his* Mouth, not mine,
Thou shalt, this Moment, learn, whate’er thou seek’it.
He shall instruct thee in a smiling *Change*,
That has united *Spain*, with fav’d *Peru*.

I have a *Son*, to *bless*, with this new Joy :
He will partake *my* Happiness, and *love* thee.

—— I quit thee, —— but will instantly *return*
To charm thee with this Union’s happy Story,
That nothing, now, on Earth, has Power to sever :
Yet, which, once clos’d, shall *quiet* warring Worlds.

[Exit, with Guards.]

Zam. At length, th’ awak’ning Gods remember *Zamor*,
And to atone my Wrongs by working *Wonders*,
Have made a *Spaniard* HONEST, to reward me !

Alvarez is, himself the *Christians’* God :
Who, long-provok’d, and blushing at their Crimes,
In his own Right descends, to *veil* their Shame.

He says, he has a Son : That Son shall be
My Brother ; if, at least, he does but prove
Worthy (cou’d *Man* be so) of such a Father !

O, Day ! O, Dawn of Hope, on my sad Heart !
Ezmont, now, after three long Years, of *Woe*,
Ezmont, *Alzira’s* Father, is restor’d me !
Alzira too, the dear, the gen’rous Maid,
She, whome my sighing Soul has been *at work* for ?

She

A TRAGEDY.

17

She, who has made me *brave*, and left me, *wretched*!
Alzira too, is here! and *lives*, to thank me.

Enter EZMONT.

Oh! ye *profuse* Rewarders of my Pain!
 He comes! my *Ezmont* comes! — Spring of my Hopes
 Thou *Father* of my lab'ring Mind's *Inspirer*!
 Hard let me press thee, to a Heart that loves thee.
 Escap'd from Death, *behold* returning *Zamor*.
 He will not, cannot die, while there is *Hope*,
 That he may live to *serve a suffering Friend*.

—— Speak, speak; and be thy first soft word *Alzira*!
 Say, she is *here*: and *blest*'d, as Heaven can make her.

Ezm. Unhappy Prince! — She lives: — nor lives remote:
 Words cannot reach Description of her *Grief*,
 Since first the News of thy sad *Death* was brought her.
 Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty *Tomb*,
 Which, for thy *fancied Form*, she rais'd to *weep on*.
 — But thou still *liv'st*! — amazing Chance! — thou *liv'st*!
 Heav'n grant some doubtful means to *bless* thee, long,
 And make thy Life as happy -- as 'tis *strange*!
 — What brought thee *HITHER*, *Zamor*?

Zam. Cruel Question!

Colder, than all the *Deaths* I have escap'd from!
 Why do'st thou *ask*? — Where *else* cou'd I have hop'd
 To find, and to redeem, thyself, and Daughter?

Ezm. Say *That* no more — 'tis Misery, to *hear* thee.

Zam. Bethink-thee of the black, the direful *Day*,
 When that vile *Spaniard* — CARLOS, (curse the *Name*!)
 Invulnerable, or to *Sword* or *Shame*,
 O'erturn'd those Walls, which *Time*, when *Young*, saw built;
 By Earth attracted, Children of the *Sun*.
 Perish his *Name*! and oh! be curs'd my *Fate*,
 Who, yet, no *nearer* brought him, than to *Thought*,
 In Horror of his Murders! 'Twas the Wretch,
 Who bears that *Name*, of *Carlos*, blasted all.

D

'Twas

'Twas in *That Name*, Pillage and Slaughter spread!
 'Twas in *That Name*, they dragg'd *Alzira* from me;
 Buried in Dust the Temples of our Gods:
 And stain'd with the surrounding Off'r's Blood,
 Their Violated Altars! The shock'd *Power*,
 That smil'd expectant, on our Marriage Vow,
 Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his *Brother Gods*,
 To vindicate their Empire. — *Spain's dark Power*
 Prevail'd: and I was Captive led to *Carlos*.

I will not terrify thy pitying Breast,
 I will not tell thee, to what tort'ring Pain,
 That Villain *Spaniard's* Avarice condemn'd me.
 Condemn'd me, *Ezmont*, for the Sake of *Gold*!
Gold, the Divinity of Beggar *Spain*;
 And our neglected *Refusa*! — 'Tis enough,
 To tell thee, that, amidst their Tortures, left,
 And seeming dead, They, (*tir'd*, not satisfied,)
 Forbore, because I felt not. — I reviv'd,
 To feel, once more, but never to forget,
 The *Grindings* of their Insult. Three long Years
 Have lent me Friends, and Hopes, and Arms, for *Vengeance*.
 Close ambush'd, in the neighb'ring Woods they lie,
 Sworn, the *Revengers* of their bleeding Country.

Ezm. Alas! my Heart compassionates thy Wrongs:
 But, do not seek a Ruin, that wou'd *shun* thee.
 What can thy flint-arm'd *Indian's* Courage do?
 What their weak *Arrows*, Spoils of *Fishes Bones*?
 How can thy *naked*, *untrain'd*, Warriors conquer?
 Unequally oppos'd to *Iron-men*:
 To woundless Bosoms, coated o'er with Safety!
 And arm'd with missive *Thunders* in their Hand,
 That stream *Deaths* on us, swifter than the Winds!
 No — since the *World*, they say, has yielded to 'em,
 Yield *Zamor*, and *Peru*; and let 'em reign.

Zam. Let the *World* yield — *Zamor* will always find
 Some gen'rous Corner, in it, fit for *Freedom*.

Had

Had I been born, to *serve*; Obedience claims
Returns, of *Benefit*, and due *Protection*:
Outrage and Wrongs require *Correction* only.

These Lightnings and these Thunders; These safe *Shells*,
Cases for *Fear*, which guard their *Iron War*;
These fiery *Steeds*, that tear the trampled Earth,
And hurl their headlong Riders on the Foe;
These outward *Forms* of Death, that fright the World,
I can look stedfast on; and dare *despise*.
The *Novelty* once lost, the Force will fail.

Curse on our feeble *Gold*! It calls in Foes,
Yet, helps not to *repel* the Wrongs it *draws*!
Oh! had but *STEEL* been ours! — but partial Heaven
Has, with *that manly Wealth*, enrich'd our Foe!
— Yet, not to leave our Vengeance quite *disarm'd*,
Depriving us of *Steel*, it gave us *Virtue*.

Ezm. Virtue was *blest'd*, of old: — But, — *Times* are *chang'd*.

Zam. No Matter — let us keep our *Hearts*, the *same*.

Alzira cannot change: *Alzira's* just.

Alzira's faithful, to her Vows, and *me*.

Save me, ye Gods! from a Friend's downcast *Eyes*!
Whence are those Sighs, and Tears?

Ezm. Too wretched *Zamor*!

Zam. I thought myself *Alzira's* Father's Son;
But find, these Tyrants have *unking'd* thy Soul:
And taught thee, on the *Grave's* last Edge, to wrong me.

Ezm. They cannot. 'Tis an Art, I will not learn.
Nor are our Conq'rors, *All*, unjust: — for, *know*,
'Twas Heaven induc'd these *Christians* to our Clime,
Less to subdue, and rule us, than *instruct*.
Know, they brought with them *Vertues*, here unfound:
Secrets, immortal, that preserve the *Soul*!
The Science, of Salvation, by *Belief*!
The Art, of living *blest'd*, and dying, *safe*!

Zam. Or I am *deaf*: or, wou'd to Heaven, I *were*!
But, if I heard thee, right, — thou seem'st to *praise*.

These

These pilfering Zealots, who usurp thy Throne,
And wou'd convert thy Daughter, to a Slave!

Ezm. *Alzira is no Slave.*

Zam. Ah! — Royal *Ezmont*!

Pardon some Transport, which *Despair* inflam'd;
And, to great Woes, indulge a little Warmth.

Remember, she was mine, by solemn *Vow*;

By thy own *Oath*, before our Altar sworn,

Honour, and Perjury, can never meet.

Ezm. What are our Altars? what our *Idol Gods*?

Fantoms, of human *Coinage*, fear'd no more!

I would not wish to hear thee cite their Name.

Zam. What! was our Father's Worship vain Deceit?

Ezm. It was: and I have happily disclaim'd it.

May the great single Power, that rules whole Heaven,

Lend thy dark Heart one Ray, of Truth divine!

Mayst thou, unhappy *Zamor*, learn to know,

And, knowing, to confess, in *Europe's* Right,

Her God should be ador'd, Her Sons obey'd!

Zam. Obey'd! Hell blast 'em! — What? these Sons of
They have not robb'd thee of thy Faith alone, [Rapine?

But pilfer'd even thy Reason! — Yet, 'twas wise,

When thou wou'dst keep no Vows, to own no Gods.

But, tell me? — is *Alzira* too forsworn?

True to her Father's Weakness, has she fallen?

Serves she the Gods of Christians?

Ezm. Hapless Youth!

Tho' blest'd in my own Change, I weep for Thine.

Zam. He, who betrays his Friend, has Cause for weeping.

Yet, Tears, they say, shew Pity; — If they do,

Pity this Torment, which thy Shame has cost me.

Pity my Heart, at once alarm'd, for Heaven,

For Heav'n betray'd, like me; and torn at once,

By Love, and Zeal, and Vengeance. Take me, *Carlos*;

Drag me, to die at my *Alzira's* Feet:

And I will sigh away a Soul, she saves not.

But

A TRAGEDY.

But, have a Care — be cautious, e're I fall,
Of urging me, too rashly, to *Despair*.
Resume a *human Heart*! and feel *some Virtue*.

Enter ALONZO, to EZMONT.

Alonzo. My Lord, the *Ceremonies* wait your Presence.

Ezm. Farewel — I follow thee.

Zam. No, by my Wrongs!

I will not quit this Hold, till I have learnt,
WHAT *Ceremony*, what *black Purpose*, waits thee?

Ezm. Away — be counsell'd — fly this fatal City.

Zam. Not tho' the *Christian Power* that blasts my Love,
Shou'd rain down *Lightnings* on my destin'd Head,
And my own Gods cry'd, *Stay*, I still wou'd follow thee.

Ezm. Forgive the Force of an *unwisb'd* Refusal. —
Guards, to your Care I must commit this Madman.

Refrain him. — He wou'd violate our Altar.

These *Pagans*, obstinate in *Idol Zeal*,

Malign our holy *Myst'ries*; and profane

The Church's solemn Service. — Guard the Doors.

'Tis not in Right of my own Power I speak;

But, *Carlos*, in my Voice commands your Care.

[Exit with Guards, after they have freed him from Zamor.]

Zam. Did I not hear him, Friends! — or am I mad?

Did I not hear him use the Name of *Carlos*?

O, Treachery! O Baseness! O, my Wrongs!

O! last, uncredited, Reproach of Nature!

Ezmont commands, for *Carlos*? — 'Twas NOT *Ezmont*:

'Twas that black DEVIL, that scares the *Christian Cowards*,
Lied, in His Shape, to scandalize *Peru*!

O, *Virtue*! thou art banish'd from Mankind:

Even from *Alzira's Heart*, thou now art fled.

— These Villain *Bar'rers* rob us NOT of Gold,

They PAY it's fatal Price, in *Morals ruin'd*.

Detested *Carlos*, then, is here! — oh! Friends!

What Council? what Resource? to stop *Despair*.

Ind.

Ind. Cap. Let not my Prince condemn the faithful Zeal,
 That wou'd *advise* his Sorrows. — Old *Alvarez*
 Will strait *return*, and bring, perhaps, That *Son*,
 With whom to share his Joy the Good Man hasten'd.
 Urge him to see you, safe, without their Gates:
 Then, suddenly rejoin your ambush'd Friends,
 And march, more *equal*, to your purpos'd Vengeance.
 Let us not *spare* a Life, but good *Alvarez*,
 And this lov'd *Son*! I, near the *Wall*, remark'd
 Their *Arts*, and Modes of *Structure*: mark'd their *Angles*,
 Deep *Ditch*, broad *Bulwarks*, and their sleeping *Thunders*.
 I saw, and weigh'd it, all: and found *Hope* strongest.

Our groaning Fathers, Brothers, Sons, and Friends,
 In fetter'd Labour toil, to *house* their Spoilers.
 These, when we march to their unhop'd Relief,
 Will rise, within the Town, behind their Masters:
 While you, mean while, without, advance, against them;
 And, o'er our dying Bodies, proudly heap'd,
 Bridge a bold Entrance, o'er their bloody *Rampart*.
 There, may we turn, against their Tyrant Heads,
 Those fiery Mouths of Death, those Storms of Murder,
 Those *Forms*, that frightning honest, artless Bravery,
 Build, on our *Ignorance*, a Throne for Wrongs.

Zam. Illustrious Wretchedness! by Heaven, it charms me,
 To see these soaring Souls out-tower their Fortune.
 Shall we — yes, still we shall! — recover Empire?
Carlos shall feel *Peru*, despis'd *PERU*,
 Knock at his trembling Heart, and claim *Atonement*.
 Come, dire *Revenge*! thou melancholy God!
 That comforts the Distress'd with shadowy *Hopings*!
 Strengthen our willing Hands: let *Carlos* die!
 Let but That *Spanish* Murderer, *Carlos*, die,
 And I am half-repaid my Kingdom's Losses!

But, we are Wretches, indolently brave:
 We talk of *Vengeance*: and we sleep, in *Chains*.
Alvarez has forgot me: *Exmont* flights me:

And

And She I love is Theirs, whom most I hate.

All the poor Comfort of my Heart is *Doubting*.

Hark! what surprizing Noise! [*Shout*] It rises, louder,

And sudden Fires, high-flaming, *double Day*!

Hark! — from their Iron Throats, [*Guns*] yon *roaring Mischiefs*

Pour their triumphant *Insult*. [*Trumpets, &c.*] What new *Feast*,

Or what new *Crime*, demands this Swell of Joy?

Now, in their heedless Mirth, *descend* some God;
And teach us to be *free*; or, failing, *die*.

'Tis *Liberty* alone, that makes Life *dear*:

He does not *live at all*, who lives, *to fear*.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

A L Z I R A, alone.

SHADE of my murder'd Lover! *Shun to view me:*
 Rise to the *Stars*, and make their Brightness sweeter;
 But, shed no Gleam of Lustre on *Alzira*.

She has betray'd her Faith, and married *Carlos*!
 The *Sea*, that roll'd its watry World, *betwixt* us,
 Fail'd to *divide* our *Hands* — and he has *reach'd* me!
 The Altar trembled, at th' unhallow'd Touch:
 And Heaven *drew back*, reluctant, at our Meeting.

O! thou soft-hovering *Ghost*, that haunt'st my Fancy!
 Thou, dear, and bloody *Form*, that skims, before me!
 Thou never-dying, yet thou *buried*, *Zamor*!
 If Sighs, and Tears, have Power to pierce the *Grave*;
 If Death, that knows no Pity, will but *hear* me;
 If still thy gentle Spirit loves *Alzira*:

Pardon, that even in *Death*, she dar'd *forsake* thee!
 Pardon her rigid Sense of *Nature's* Duties:
 A Parent's Will! — a pleading Country's Safety!
 At *these* strong Calls, she sacrific'd her *Love*;
 To joyless Glory, and to tasteless Peace:
 And, to an empty World, in which *Thou art not*!

O! *Zamor*! *Zamor*! follow me no longer.
 Drop some dark *Veil*, snatch some kind *Cloud*, before thee,
 Cover that conscious *Face*, and let Death *bide* thee!
 Leave me, to suffer, Wrongs that Heaven allots me:
 And teach my busy Fancy to *forget* thee.

Enter

Enter EMIRA.

Where are those *Captives*? are they free, *Emira*?
Where those sad *Children* of my mournful *Country*?
Will they not suffer me to see, to hear them?
To sit and weep, and mingle with their *Mournings*?

Emira. Ah! rather, dread the Rage of angry *Carlos*,
Who threatens 'em with some new Stroke of Horror:
Some cruel Purpose hangs, this Moment, o'er 'em!
For, through this Window look, and see, display'd,
The broad red Standard, that betokens *Blood*!
Loud Bursts of Death roar from their Iron Prisons,
And answer, dreadful, to each other's Call! [Guns.
The Council hasts, alarm'd, and meets, in Uproar. [Shouts]
All I have heard, besides, is, that the Prince,
Your Father, has been summon'd to attend.

Alz. Immortal Guardian of th' endanger'd *Just*!
Have I, for *This*, in vain, betray'd my *Peace*?
Dares the dire *Husband*, recent from the *Altar*,
New to my forc'd Consent, — and scarce, yet, *Lord*.
Of my repenting *Hand*; so soon, let loose
His re-commission'd *Murders*! Must my Nuptials
Serve, as the *Prelude*, to my People's *Blood*!

O, Marriage! Marriage! what a *Curse* is *Thine*,
Where Hands alone consent, and Hearts abhor!

Enter CEPHANIA.

Ceph. One of the *Captive Indians*, just set free,
In Honour of the Joy that crowns this Day,
Prays your Permission, Madam; to be heard,
And at your princely Feet, disclose some *Secret*.

Alz. Let him, with Firmness, and with Freedom, enter.
For Him, and for his Friends, He knows, I live.
Dear to my Eyes, I mark 'em, with Delight,
And love, alas, in *Them*, their poor lost *Country*.
— But, why alone? — Why *One*?

E

Ceph.

Ceph. It is That Captain,
To whose victorious Hand, I heard, ' but now,
Alvarez, your new Lord's illustrious Father,
Ow'd his remitted Life, from *Indians*, sav'd.

Emira. With earnest Pressure, He has sought your Presence;
He met me, entering, and with trembling Haste,
Implor'd me to befriend th' important Prayer.
He told me, further, that the Prince your Father,
For some strange Cause, This *Indian* seems to know,
Had charg'd the Guards he 'scap'd from, to prevent
His Access to your Ear. — Methinks, there sits
A kind of sullen Greatness, on his Brow,
As if it veil'd, in Grief, some awful Purpose.

Ceph. I watch'd him — and he walks, and turns, and weeps;
Then starts, and looks at Heaven; and to the Gods,
Pours up an ardent Sigh, that breathes your Name!
I pitied him — but, gather'd, from this Freedom,
That He's a Stranger to your Rank, and Greatness.

Alz. What Rank? What Greatness? — Perish all Distinction,
That, from the wrong'd *Unhappy*, bars the Great!
Who knows, but This was, once, some gen'rous Friend,
Some brave Companion, of my *Zamor's* Arms!
Who knows, but He was near him, when he fell;
And brings some Message from his parting Soul!
How dare I then receive him? — Can my Heart
Be Proof, against the last, kind, Words of *Zamor*?
Will not the half-lull'd Pain, rekindling fresh,
Burn, with Encrease of Smart, and wring my Soul?
— No Matter, — let him enter. — [Exit *Cephania*.

— Ha! what means

This sudden *Chillness*, sadd'ning, round my Heart;
In short, faint, *Flutt'ring*s, never felt, before!
Ah! fatal Residence! — From the first Hour
These hated Walls became *Alzira's* Prison,
Each diff'rent Moment brought some diff'rent Pain.

Enter

Enter ZAMOR.

Zam. Art thou, at length, restor'd me? — Cruel! tell me!
Art thou, indeed, Alzira?

Alz. — Gentle Spirit! —

Forgive me. — Do not come to chide the Unhappy!
I have been wrong'd; but — [Faints, into his Arms;

Zam. Thine, she wou'd have said;
And her imperfect Purpose fully blest'd me.
Revive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost, Alzira!
Zamor will live no longer, shou'dst Thou die.

Alz. The kind, forgiving, Shade is, still, before me!
It wak'd me, by a Sound, that seem'd His Name.

Zam. I am no Shadow, if Alzira's MINE;
I am thy living Lover, at thy Feet [kneeling;
Reclaiming thee, thou noblest Half Himself!

Alz. Can it be possible, Thou shou'dst be Zamor?

Zam. Thy Zamor — THINE.

Alz. But, — art thou sure, thou liv'st?

Zam. 'Tis in thy Power
To make That Truth undoubted. — Do but say
Thou wou'dst not have me die, — and I will live,
To thank thee; thus, with everlasting Love.

[Rises, and catches her in his Arms;

Alz. O! Days of Softness! — O! remember'd Tears,
Of ever-vanish'd Happiness! — O! Zamor!
Why has the Grave been bountiful, too late?
Why sent thee back, in vain? to make Joy bitter;
By mix'd Ideas of distracting Horror!

Ah, Zamor! — What a Time is This, — to charm in!
Thy every Word, and Look, shoots Daggers through me!

Zam. Then, mourn'st thou my Return?

Alz. I do — I do.

Because, — it was no sooner.

Zam. Generous Tenderness!

Alz. Where hast thou been, thus long, — unknown, till now?

Zam. A wand'ring Vagabond, that trod the World,
 In fruitless Search of Means, to save *Alzira*.
 Not all the tort'ring Racks, of Villain CARLOS,
 Cou'd from my panting Heart expell *Alzira*.
 The bloody Spoiler tir'd his Rage in vain: —
 I brav'd his Wounds, and Insults. — Life had, yet,
 No Leisure to forsake me. — Thou requir'dst me
 The Groans of suff'ring Nations reach'd my Soul,
 And bad it struggle, to revenge Mankind.

Alas! thou tremblest! Thy soft Nature shrinks,
 At bare Recital of these Spanish Virtues.
 Doubtless, the Guardian God that smiles on Love,
 Knew thy kind Wish; — and, for thy Sake, sustain'd me.
 And Thou wilt thank, I know, his gentle Goodness;
 Thy pious Heart disdains to quit thy Gods,
 Because They suffer with thee; and have fail'd
 To stem th'involving Host of Spain's New Heaven!
 Thou hast too little Falseness, for a Spaniard.

— Hast thou e'er heard of a base Wretch, call'd Carlos?
 A Birth, that blackens Nature! a taught Monster!
 Sent, in our Shape, from some far distant World,
 To humble ours, with Sense of human Baseness!
 They tell me, He is here. — Grant Heav'n thou know'st him!
 Thou, there, shalt guide my Vengeance, — to This, First,
 And Vilest, of its Victims.

Alz. Find him, here —
 Black, in my Breast, he lives: Strike, strike, and reach him.

Zam. Hold, Heart — and break not, yet — This MAY be — Pity.

Alz. Strike — for — I merit neither Life, — nor Thee.

Zam. Ezmont! I feel thee; and believe thee, all!

Alz. Did he then tell thee? — Had my Father Power
 To dwell so sadly on my hopeless Woes,
 As to describe 'em to thee? — Did he name
 The dreadful Husband — his lost Daughter owes him?

Zam. No — but Thou may'st: For, THAT will harden Zamor,
 That He shall never be astonish'd, more!

Alz.

Alz. Yes — I will tell it thee — Prepare to tremble:
Not for *Thyself* to tremble; — but for *Me*. —
I will lay open the vast Horror, to thee:
Then, Thou wilt weep, and live: — and bid *me* — *die*.

Zam. *Alzira*! — oh! —

Alz. This *Carlos* —

Zam. CARLOS!

Alz. He. —

I was, this Morning, Sworn, forever — *his*!

Zam. Sworn *whose*? — not *Carlos*?

Alz. I have been betray'd.

I was too weak, alone, — against my *Country*:

— Even on *this* fatal, this foreboding, Day,

Almost within thy Sight, *Christian Alzira*

Plighted, in Prefence of the *Christian God*,

Her hapless Hand, to *Carlos*. — 'Tis a Crime,

That hopes no Pardon! — All my Gods renounc'd!

My Lover wrong'd! my *Country's* Fame betray'd!

All, All, demand Revenge. — Do *Thou*, then, kill me:

Thou wilt strike tenderly — and my glad Blood

Shall meet thy dear-lov'd Hand — and, That way, join thee!

Zam. CARLOS, *Alzira's* Husband! — 'tis impossible!

Alz. Were I dispos'd to mitigate my Crime,

I cou'd alledge a *Father's* awful Power;

I cou'd remind thee of our ruin'd State:

And plead my Tears, my Struggles, and Distraction:

Till three, long, wretched, Years confirm'd thee dead.

I cou'd, with Justice, charge my Faith renounc'd

On Hatred of those Gods, who sav'd not *Zamor*.

But, I disclaim Excuse, — to shun Remission.

Love finds me Guilty; and that Guilt condemns me.

Since *Thou* art safe, no Matter what I suffer.

When Life has lost the Joys that make it blest;

— The shortest Liver is the happiest, always.

Why do'st thou view me, with so kind an Eye?

Thou shoud'st look sternly and retract all Pity.

Zam.

Zam. No — if I still am lov'd, Thou art not guilty.
— *Wishing* me bless'd, methinks thou *mak'st* me so.

Alz. When, by my Father urg'd, and by *Alvarez*,
And inly too impell'd, perhaps, to Fate,
By some forsaken God, who meant *Revenge*;
When by the Christian's Fears, and my touch'd Heart,
At once, beset, They drag'd me to the *Temple*,
Even in the Moment when advancing *Carlos*
Sought my escaping Hand, — tho' I, then, thought Thee
Dead; and forever lost to my fond *Hopes*:

Yet, *then*, beneath the Altar's sacred Gloom,
I bow'd my Soul to *Zamor*: Memory,
Reliev'd me, with *Thy Image*, — *Indians, Spaniards*,
All, All, have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee.
'Twas my Heart's *Pride*, to *boast* it to the *World*!
To Earth, to Heav'n, — to *Carlos*, I proclaim'd it!
And now, e'en now, in this distressful Moment,
For the *last Time*, — I tell *THYSELF*, I love thee.

Zam. For the *last Time*! Avert the *Menace*, Heav'n!
Art thou at once, restor'd — and lost again!

'Tis not *Love's Language*, *This*! — alas! *Alzira*!

Alz. O, Heaven! — *Alvarez* comes, and with him, *Carlos*.

Enter Don ALVAREZ, follow'd by Don CARLOS.

Alv. See! with *Alzira* there, my Life's Restorer!
Approach, young *Hero*! 'tis my *Son*, who seeks thee;
Spain's Delegate, who here holds Power supreme:
My *Carlos*, bids thee share his *bridal Joy*.
— Meet, and Embrace: *Divide* your Father's *Love*:
My *Son*, of *Nature*, One — and One, of *Choice*.

Zam. Nam'd be not *Carlos*? — PERISH such a *Son*,
As the DETESTED *CARLOS*!

Alz. Heaven avert

The rising *Tempest*, that o'erwhelms my *Soul*!

Alv. What means *This WONDER*?

Zam.

Zam. 'Tis not POSSIBLE! —

No — I wou'd disbelieve *attesting Gods*,
Shou'd they, from Heaven, assert this *Shock to Nature*;
That such a Father — CAN — have such a Son!

D. Car. [*to Zamor.*] *Slave!* — from what Spring does thy
blind *Fury* rise?

Know'st thou not *who I am*?

Zam. Thou art — a *Villain*.

My Country's Horror — and whole Nature's Shame!
Among the Scourges whom just Heaven has left thee,
Know *me*, for *Zamor*.

D. Car. THOU, *Zamor*?

Alv. *Zamor*!

Zam. Yes — the tortur'd *Zamor*.

Blush to be told it: and *remember*, with it,
The bloody Rage of thy remorseless Cruelty;
That basely dar'd insult a *yielded* Captive!

Now, he returns — *triumphant*, in Distress,
To look thee into Shame: to see those Eyes
Fall their stretch'd Fierceness, and decline before him.

Thou Waster of the World! Thou licens'd Robber!
Thou whose *Last Spoil* was my *Alzira's Glory*!
Win her, against *this Sword*; [*draws.*] — the Sole, good, *Gain*,
Zamor can boast, he *owes* thy haughty Country.

Now, the same Hand, that gave the Father *Life*,
Claims, in Return, the Son's devoted *Blood*:
And, so reveng'd, *atones* a dying *Realm*.

Alv. Confounded, and amaz'd, I hear him speak;
And every Word grows *Stranger*! — *Carlos* cannot
Be guilty — or, if Guilty, *cannot answer*.

D. Car. To *answer*, is a Poorness I despise.
Where *Rebels* dare accuse, should *Power* reply,
'Twould but forget to *punish*. — With this *Sword*,
I *might*; but that I know the Reverence, due,
To your protecting Presence, *well have answer'd*.

--- Madam,

-- Madam, [*to Alzira.*] your *Heart* *shou'd* have Instructed you,
 Why you offend me, while I see you *here*.
 If not *my Peace*, at least *your Fame*, demands
 That you now drive this *Outlaw* from your *Thoughts*.
 You *weep* then! and *insult* me with your *Tears*?
 And, YET, I *love*, and can be *jealous* of you!

Alz. Cruel! * -- and You, † my Father, and Protector!
 And Thou! ‡ my Soul's past Hope, in happier Times!
 Mark -- and condole my Fate. — Mix your Due Pity:
 And tremble, at the Horror of my Woes.

Behold this Lover, which my *Father* chose me,
 Before I knew there was a World, but *ours*.
 With *his* reported *Death* our Empire fell:
 And I have liv'd, to see my Father's *Throne*
 O'turn'd; and All Things *chang'd*, in Earth, and Heav'n!
 By every *human* Help, alas! forsaken,
 At length, my Father, from the *Christian's* God
 Sought *Help*, and screen'd a *State*, behind his Name.
 Compell'd, before this *unknown* Power, to kneel,
 A dreadful *Oath* has bound my backward Soul,
 To *love* the Murd'rer of my *real* Lover!

In my *new Faith*, I own myself *un-skill'd*,
 But, all, that *Vertue* taught me, *That*, I know.
Zamor, I love thee, justly: — I *confess* it.
 What *Duty* calls for, can *deserve* No SHAME.
 Yet, where my *Soul* is bound, my *Heart* obeys:
 And I can now be Thine, alas, no more.
 Let me be *wretched*, rather than *Unjust*.

Carlos, for you, — I am your *Wife*, and *Victim*:
 Yet, in Abhorrence of your cruel Heart,
 I hold my Hand *divorc'd*; -- and, hence, *abjure* you.

One Way, to *Either*, I submit, with Joy:
 If your *Swords* claim me, I am *due* to *Both*.
 WHICH will reward me with the *Death* I *wish*?

* To Carlos.

† To Alvarez.

‡ To Zamor.

Carlos,

Carlos, thou hast a Hand already stain'd :
 Thy practis'd Poignard need not start, at Blood.
 Strike then, for due Revenge of slighted Love;
 And, punishing the Guilty, — ONCE, be just.

D. Car. I find, then, Madam, you wou'd brave my Weakness
 Proud of offending, One who must forgive.
 But, you invoke my Vengeance, and it comes.
 Your Fate is ready ——— for, your *Minion dies*.
 Who waits? — a Guard there.

Enter Soldiers.

Alz. Cruel, *Christian*, Insult!

Alv. My Son! what mean you? What rash Transport this?
 Think, *whome* you sentence. — Is his Person hateful,
 Yet, reverence his *Virtue*, and his Name.
 He who is, *helpless*, in his *Hater's* Hands,
 Claims Safety, from his *Weakness*. — Why, why, *Carlos*;
 Must I, a second Time, remind your Mercy?
 I gave you Life: — but *Zamor* gave it ME.
 Be warn'd — nor forfeit Honour, to Revenge.

Enter Don ALONZO, with Spanish Soldiers.

Alon. Pardon an Entrance, Sir, thus unprepar'd.
 The Woods, that border on the neighb'ring Plain,
 Pour out a sudden Swarm of *Indian Foes*.
 Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our Walls:
 And *Zamor's* Name, resounded, rings to Heaven.
 Gleamings, from Golden Bucklers, meet the Sun:
 And in firm Line, and close-compacted March,
 The stretch'd Battalions move, in martial Justness.
 They hold such Discipline, such order'd Motion,
 As ne'er was known before, to *Savage Foes*.
 As if, from us, they catch'd the Lights of War,
 And turn'd the burning Lessons on their Teachers.

D. Car. Away then: let us think 'em worth our Meeting.
 — Heroes, of *Spain*! ye fav'rite Sons of War!

All Corners of the World are yours, to *shine* in.
 Help me to teach these Slaves to *know* their Masters.
 Bring *Him* along, by Force.

Zam. Tyrant; they dare not.

Ory, are they *Gods*, who cannot be repell'd?
 And Proof against the Wounds, they seek to *give*?

D. Car. Surround him.

Alz. Spare him, save him!

Alv. Son, be cool:

And, still, remember, what your Father owes him.

D. Car. Sir, I remember, 'tis a Soldier's Duty
 To bear down *Opposition*: so you taught me.

[*Alonzo, and Spanish Soldiers, surround and seize Zamor.*
 Your *Pardon*, Sir,—I go, where Honour calls me.

[*Exit, with Zamor, and all the Spanish Soldiers.*

Alz. [to *Alv.*] Low, at your Feet, I fall; your *Virtue's Claim*.
 'Tis the first *Homage* Fortune, yet, has taught me.

Grant me the wish'd Release, of *Death's* kind Hand,
 From Miseries, I cannot live, to see.

But, dying, let me leave this Witness with you,
 That, true to my first Vows, I change not *lightly*.
 Two different Claimers cannot, *Both*, possess
 One faithful Heart, that can *but once* be given.

Zamor is mine: and I am *only Zamor's*.

Zamor is *virtuous*, as a fancied Angel.

'Twas *Zamor* gave his *Life*, to good *Alvarez*!

Alv. I feel the *Pity* of a Father, for thee.

I mourn afflicted *Zamor*: I will guard him:

I will protect you, both, unhappy Lovers!

Yet, ah! be mindful of the *Marriage Tye*,

That, but this Morning, bound thy Days to *Carlos*.

Thou art no longer *Thine*, my mournful Daughter.

Carlos has been too *cruel*; but repents it:

And This once-cruel *Carlos* is thy Husband.

He is my Son too: and he loves us, Both.

Pity soon softens Hearts, where *Love* has enter'd.

Alz.

Alz. Ah! why did Heav'n not make you Zamor's Father!
Greatness with Sweetness join'd, like *Fire with Light*,
Each *aiding* other, mingle *warm*, with *bright*.
What the *Kind* wants, th' Associate *Strong* supplies,
And from the *Gentle*, *Peace* and *Calumnies* rise.

DON ALVAREZ, DON CARLOS

SCENE, TRAMP, A LONG AND HIGH MOUNTAIN

ALVAREZ

END of the THIRD ACT

Don Alvarez, and your Country, have
And of this last day, I have
Half are no more: and half are now in Spain
Disgrace not this success, by undecent notice:
But call in Mary, to support your Fame.
I will go visit the afflicted Prisoners,
And pour Compassion on their aching Wounds.
Mean while, remain with me, and Confront
Bravely, as once, resolve, to Randon Zamor.
— Pain would I turn the Indian's Torments!

D. Car. Your Words are sweet, — I only devote my Life
But leave at Liberty my just Revenge.
Randon him? — Why, the Savage Brute is now
Alz. Th' unhappy Devil's root from thy
D. Car. Pity! — Could I be father of such Reward
I would the price — and the friend pay the
Alz. How much to be lavished is a treasure
At once, by Rage of passion, and by Honour, torn!
And by strong passions, and by Honour, torn!
ACT
The Husband's Heart, whom the Wife has never
Your Pity takes in the World — the whole
Alz. Mine not the business of distant
With your avowed Mistresses — since I have
His virtue, it will prove a worse Care

ACT IV.

Don ALVAREZ, Don CARLOS.

Shouts, Trumpets, a long and lofty Flourish.

ALVAREZ.

DESERVE, my Son, this Triumph of your Arms.
Your Numbers, and your Courage, have prevail'd;
And, of this last, *best*, Effort of the Foe,
Half are no more; and Half are yours, in Chains.
Disgrace not due Success, by *undue* Cruelties:
But call in *Mercy*, to support your *Fame*.

I will go *Visit* the afflicted Captives,
And pour Compassion on their aking Wounds,
Mean while, remember, you are *Man*, and *Christian*.
Bravely, at once, resolve, to PARDON *Zamor*.
— Fain wou'd I soften this indocil Fierceness:

~~And teach your Courage, how to conquer *Hearts*.~~

D. Car. Your Words pierce *mine*, — freely, devote my *Life*,
But, leave at Liberty my just *Revenge*.
Pardon him? — Why, the Savage Brute is *lov'd*!

Alv. Th' unhappily Belov'd most merit Pity.

D. Car. Pity! — Cou'd I be sure of such Reward,
I wou'd *displeas'd*, — and she shou'd pity *Me*.

Alv. How much to be lamented is a Heart,
At once, by Rage of headlong *Will* oppress'd,
And by strong Jealousies, and Doubtings, torn!

T D. Car. When Jealousy becomes a Crime, — Guard, Heaven,
That Husband's *Honour*, whom his Wife *not loves*!
Your *Pity* takes in all the World — but *Me*.

Alv. Mix not the Bitterness of distant *Fear*
With your arriv'd Misfortunes. — Since *Alzira*
Has *Vertue*, it will prove a wiser Care

To

To soften her, for *Change*, by patient *Tenderness*,
Than, by *Reproach*, confirm a willing *Hate*.
Her Heart is, like her Country, *rudely sweet*: —
Repelling *Force*, but gentle to the *Kind*.
Softness will soonest bend the stubborn *Will*.

D. Car. *Softness*! — by all the Wrongs of Woman's *Hate*.
Too much of *Softness* but invites *Disdain*.
Flatter'd too long, Beauty at length, grows *wanton*,
And, insolently scornful, *slights* its *Praiser*.
Oh! rather, Sir, be jealous for my *Glory*;
And urge my doubting *Anger*, to *resolve*.
Too low already, *Condescension* bow'd,
Nor blush'd, to match the *Conqueror* with the *Slave*!
But, when this *Slave*, unconscious, what she owes,
Proudly repays *Humility*, with *Scorn*,
And *braves*, and *hates* the un aspiring *Love*,
Such *Love* is *Weakness*: — and *Submission*, there,
Gives *Sanction* to *Contempt*, and *rivets* *Pain*.

Alv. Thus, *Youth* is, ever, apt to judge in *Haste*,
And lose the *Medium*, in the wild *Extremes*.
Do not *repent*, but *regulate*, your *Passion*:
Tho' *Love* is *Reason*, its *Excess* is *Rage*.
Give me, at least, your *Promise*, to *reflect*,
In cool, impartial, *Solitude*: And, still,
No last *Decision*, till we meet again.

D. Car. It is my *Father* asks — and, had I *Will*,
Nature denies me *Power*, to answer, *No*.
I will, in *Wisdom's* Right, suspend my *Anger*.
— Yet — spare my loaded *Heart*: — nor add more *Weights*,
Lest my *Strength* fails beneath th' *unequal* *Pressure*.

Alv. Grant yourself *Time*, and all you want comes with it.

[Exit.]

Don CARLOS, alone.

And — must I coldly then, to pensive *Pity*,
Give up the livelier *Jays* of wish'd *Revenge*?
Must I repel the guardian *Cares* of *Jealousy*,
And slacken every *Rein*, to *Rival Love*?

Must

Must I reduce my *Hopes*, beneath a *Savage*?
 And poorly *envy* such a *Wretch* as *Zamor*!
 A *coarse Luxuriance* of spontaneous *Virtue*!
 A *Shoot*, of rambling, fierce, *offensive Freedom*:
 Nature's *wild Growth*, — strong, but *un-pru'd*, in *Daring*.
 A rough, raw, *Woodman*, of this rugged *Clime*;
 Illit'rate in the *Arts* of *polish'd Life*;
 And, who, in *Europe*, where the *Fair* can *JUDGE*,
 Wou'd hardly, in our *Courts*, be call'd, a *MAN*!
 —She comes! — *Alzira* comes! — *unwish'd* — yet, *charming*.

Enter ALZIRA.

Alz. You turn, and shun me! — So, I have been told,
Spaniards, by *Custom*, — meet *submissive Wives*.
 — But, hear me, Sir: — hear, even a *suppliant WIFE*.
 Hear this *unguilty Object* of your *Anger*,
 One, who can *res'ence*, tho' she cannot *love* you:
 One, who is *wrong'd Herself*, not *injures you*:
 One, who, indeed is *weak*, — and *wants your Pity*.
 I cannot wear *DISGUISE*: Be it th' *Effect*
 Of *Greatness*, or of *Weakness*, in my *Mind*,
 My *Tongue* cou'd ne'er be *mov'd*, but by my *Heart*:
 And *That* — was *vow'd*, *Another's*. — If he *dies*,
 The *honest Plainness* of my *Soul* destroys him.
 — You look *surpriz'd*: — I will, still *more*, *surprize You*.
 I come, to *try you deeply* — for, I mean
 To move the *Husband*, in the *Lover's Favour*!
 — I had half *flatter'd* my *unpractis'd Hope*,
 That *You*, who govern *others*, shou'd, *yourself*,
 Be *temp'rate*, in the *Use* of your *own Passions*.
 Nay, I *persuaded* my *unchristian Ign'rance*,
 That an *ambitious Warrior's infelt Pride*
 Shou'd plead, in *Pardon* of *That Pride* in *Others*.
 — *This* I am *sure* of, — that, *forgitting Mercy* —
 Wou'd stamp *more Influence*, on our *Indian Hearts*,

Than

Than all our *Gold* on Those, of Men, like you,
 Who knows, did such a Change endear your Breast,
 How far the *pleasing Force* might soften mine?
 Your *Right* secures you my *Respect*, and *Faith*;
 — Strive, for my *Love*: — Strive, for whatever, *Else*,
 May charm: — if Aught there is, can charm, like *Love*.
 — Forgive me: I shall be *betray'd*, by *Fear*,
 To *promise*, till I over-charge my *Power*. —
 Yet — try, what Changes, *Gratitude* can make.

A *Spanish Wife*, perhaps, wou'd promise *more*:
 Profuse in *Charms*, and prodigal of *Tears*,
 Wou'd promise *all Things* — and forget 'em, *all*.
 But I have *weaker Charms*, and *simpler Arts*.
 Guile-less of Soul, and *left*, as *Nature* form'd me,
 I err, in honest *Innocence* of Aim,
 And, seeking to *compose*, inflame you, *more*.

All I can add, is *This*: — Unlovely *Force*
 Shall never bow me, to *reward* Constraint:
 But — to what Lengths I may be led, by *Benefits*,
 'Tis in your Pow'r to try: not mine, to tell.

D. Car. 'Tis well. — Since *Justice* has such Pow'r to guide you,
 That you may follow *Duty*, know it, *first*.
 Count *Modesty*, among your Country's *Vertues*;
 And copy, — not condemn, — the Wives of *Spain*.
 'Tis your *first Lesson*, Madam, to FORGET.

— Become more *delicate*, if not more *kind*,
 And, never let me bear, the Name I hate.
 — You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your *Haste*,
 And wait in Silence, till my *Will* resolves
 What *Punishment*, or *Pity*, suits his Crimes.
 — Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a *Husband's Clemency*
 Out-stretches *Nature*, — if it pardons — You.
 Learn, thence, Ungrateful! that I want not *Pity*:
 And be the *Last*, to dare believe me *Cruel*. [Exit D. Carlos.

Em. Madam, be comforted; — I mark'd him well:
 I see, he *loves*; and Love will make him *softer*.

Alz.

Alz. Love has no Pow'r to act, when curb'd, by *Jealousy*.
Zamor must die: — for I have ask'd his *Life*.
 Why did not I foresee the likely Danger?
 — But, has *thy Care* been happier? — *Canst* Thou save him?
 Far, far, divided from me, may he live!
 — Hast thou made Trial of his *Keeper's Faith*?

Em. Gold, that, with *Spaniards*, can outweigh their God,
 Has bought his *Hand*: — and, so, his *Faith's* your own.

Alz. Then (Heav'n be blest'd) This Metal, form'd for Crimes,
 Sometimes, atones the Wrongs, 'tis dug to cause!

— But, we lose Time: — Why dost thou seem to pause?

Em. I cannot think they purpose *Zamor's Death*.
Alvarez has not lost his Pow'r so far,
 Nor can the Council —

Alz. They are *Spaniards*, All.
 Mark the proud, partial, Guilt of these vain Men!
 Ours, but a Country, held, to yield Them; SLAVES;
 Who reign, our Kings, by Right of different Clime!
Zamor, mean while, by Birth, true Sovereign here,
 Weighs but a Rebel, in their righteous Scale!
 Oh! — civiliz'd Assent, of social Murder!

— But, why, *Emira*, should this Soldier stay?

Em. We may expect him instantly. — The Night,
 Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold Design.
 Wearied by Slaughter, and unwash'd from Blood,
 The World's proud Spoilers, all, lie hush'd, in Sleep.

Alz. Away, and find this *Spaniard*. — Guilt's bought Hand
 Opening the Prison, Innocence goes free.

Em. See! — by *Cephania* led, he comes, with *Zamor*.
 — Be cautious, Madam, at so dark an Hour,
 Lest, met, — suspected Honour should be lost:
 And Modesty, mistaken, suffer Shame.

Alz. What does thy ill-taught Fear mistake, for Shame?
 Vertue, at Midnight, walks, as safe, within,
 As in the conscious Glare of flaming Day.
 She who in Forms finds Vertue, has no Vertue.

All the *Shame* lies, in *hiding* honest Love.
 --- Honour, the alien Phantom, here unknown,
 Lends but a length'ning *Shade*, to *setting* *Vertue*.
 Honour's not Love of *Innocence*, but *Praise*!
 The Fear of *Censure*, not the Scorn of *Sin*!
 --- But, I was taught, in a *sincerer* Clime,
 That *Vertue*, tho' it *shines* not, still, is *Vertue*:
 And *inbred* Honour grows not, but *at home*.
 This my Heart *knows*: and, knowing, bids me *dare*,
 Shou'd Heaven forsake the *Just*, be bold, and *save* him!

Enter ZAMOR, with CEPHANIA, and a Spanish
 Soldier.

Ah! fly— thy Hopes are *lost*; thy Torturer's *ready*.
 Escape, this Moment, or thou stay'st, to *die*.
 Haste,--- lose no Time,--- *be gone*: this Guardian *Spaniard*
 Will teach thee to deceive the Murderer's Hope.
 --- Reply not,--- judge thy Fate, from my *Despair*:
 Save, by thy *Flight*, the Man I love, from *Death*;
 The Man, whome I have *sworn* to obey, from *Blood*:
 And a lost World, that knows thy Worth, from *Tears*.
 Thy Country calls thee: Night conceals thy Steps.
 Pity thy Fate:--- and leave me, to my own.

Zam. Thou Robber's Property! Thou Christian's WIFE!
 Thou! who dar'st love me,--- yet, dar'st bid me *live*!
 If I *must* live, come Thou, to make Life *tempting*.
 But, 'twas a *cruel Wish*! --- How cou'd I *shield* thee?
 Stript of my Power, and Friends, and *nothing left* me,
 But *Wrongs*, and *Misery*! --- I have no *Dower*,
 To tempt *reluctant* Love.--- All, thou can'st share,
 With me, will be --- my *Desart*,--- and my *Heart*.
 When I *had* more, I laid it, at thy Feet.

Alz. Ah! what are *Crowns*, that must no more be *Thine*?
 I lov'd, not *Power*, but *Thee*: Thyselt once *lost*,
 What has an *empty World*, to tempt my Stay?
 Far, in the Depth of thy sad *Desarts*, trac'd,

My Heart will seek thee: *Fancy*, there, misleads
 My weary, wand'ring, Steps: There, *Horror* finds,
 And preys upon, my Solitude: there, leaves me,
 To languish Life out, in *unheard* Complaints:
 To waste, and wither, in the *Tear-less Winds*:
 And die, with *Shame*, at Breach of plighted *Faith*,
 For being *only Thine*, --- and, yet, *Another's*.
 --- Go, --- carry with thee both my *Peace* and *Life*:
 And leave (ah! wou'd thou cou'd'st) thy Sorrows, *here*.
 I have my *Lover*, and my *Fame*, to guard:
 And I will save 'em, Both. --- *Begone* --- for ever.

Zam. I hate this *Fame*, false Avarice of *Fancy*!
 The sickly *Shade* of an *unsolid* Greatness!
 The Lying *Lure* of *Pride*, that *Europe* cheats by!
 Perish the groundless *Seemings* of their *Virtue*!

But, shall *forc'd* Oaths, at hated *Christians* Altars,
 Shall Gods, who rob the Gods of our *Fore-fathers*,
 Shall *These* --- obtrude a *Lord*, and blast a *Lover*!

Alz. Since It was *sworn*, --- or to *your* Gods, or *theirs*,
 What *Help* is left me?

Zam. None. --- *Adieu* --- for ever.

Alz. *Stay*. --- What a Farewel, *This*? [*Going*] *Return*,
 I charge thee.

Zam. *Carlos*, perhaps, will bear thee.

Alz. [*Returning*] Ah! *pity*, rather
 Than, thus, *upbraid*, my *Wretchedness*.

Zam. Think, then,
 On our past *Vows*.

Alz. I think of nothing, *now*,
 But of *thy* Danger.

Zam. Oh! --- thou hast undone
 The *tend'rest* --- *fondest* --- *Lover*!

Alz. Still, I love,
 Crime as it is, I love thee. --- Leave me, *Zamor*,
 Leave me, *alone*, to die. --- HA! CRUEL! tell me!
 What horrible *Despair*, revolving wildly,

Bursts

Bursts from thy *Eyes*, with Purpose more than Mortal ?

Zam. It SHALL be so. [Going]

Alz. What *won'dst* thou? — Whither *go'st* thou? [Holding him]

Zam. To make a proper Use of *unhop'd* Freedom.

Alz. By Heaven! if 'tis to Death, I'll follow thee.

Zam. Horrors, unmix'd with LOVE, demand me, now:
Leave me. — Time flies. Night blackens. Duty calls. —

Soldier, — attend my Steps. [Exit, hastily.]

Alz. Alas, *Emira*!

I faint, — I die. — In what ungovern'd Start
Of some rash Thought, he left me! — Haste, *Emira*,
Watch his fear'd Meaning, — Trace his fatal Footsteps, —
And — if thou see'st him safe, return, and bless me.

[Exit *Emira*.]

— A black, presaging, Sorrow swells my Heart!

What cou'd a Day, like *This*, produce, but *Woe*?

Oh! — Thou! dark, awful, vast, mysterious Power,

Whome *Christians* worship, yet, not comprehend!

If, Ignorant of Thy new Laws, I stray,

— Shed, from Thy distant Heaven, where-e'er It shines,

One Ray of Guardian Light, to clear my Way:

And teach me, first to find, then act, THY WILL.

But, if my only Crime is — Love of *Zamor*,

If THAT offends Thy Sight, and claims Thy Anger:

Pour Thy due Vengeance, on my hopeless Head;

For, I am, then, a Wretch, too Lost, for MERCY.

Yet, — be the Wanderer's Guide, amidst his *Desarts*!

Greatly dispense Thy Good, with Equal Hand;

Nor, partial to the Partial, give *Spain*, All.

Thou can'st not be confin'd to Care of PARTS;

Heedless of One World, and the Other's FATHER:

Vanquish'd, and Victors, are alike, to THEE:

And All our vain Distinctions MIX, before Thee.

— Ah! what foreboding Shriek! — Again! and Louder!

Oh Heaven! amidst the Wildness of That Sound,
I heard the Name of *Zamor*! — *Zamor's* Lost.
Hark! — a *Third* Time! — And, now, the mingled Cries
Come quick'ning on my Ear!

Enter EMIRA, frightened.

— *Emira*, SAVE me.

What has he done? — In Pity of my Fears,
Speak, — and bestow some Comfort?

Em. Comfort is Lost:

And All the Rage of Death has, sure, possess'd him.
— First, he chang'd *Habit*, with the trembling Soldier:
Then, snatch'd his *Weapon* from him. — The robb'd Wretch
Flew, frightened, toward the Gate; — while furious *Zamor*,
Wild, as the fighting Rage of *Wintry* Winds,
Rush'd to the Publick Hall, where sits the Council.
Following, I saw him pass the sleeping Guards:
But lost him, when he enter'd. — In a Moment,
I heard a Sound of Voices cry, *He's dead*.

Then, clam'rous Calls, from every Way at once,
To Arms, To Arms! — Ah! Madam, stay not here;
Fly, to the Inmost Rooms, and shun the Danger.

Alz. No, dear *Emira*: rather, let us try,
Whether our Weakness may not find some Means,
Late, and unlikely as it is, — to save him.
I, too, dare DIE.

Em. They come, — Protect us, Heaven!

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. Madam, you stir no farther. — I have Orders,
To seize your Person: — 'Tis a Charge, *unwis'd*:

Alz. Whence do'st thou come? What Fury sent thee
hither?

What is become of *Zamor*?

Alon.

Alon. At a Time,
So full of *Danger*, my Respect gives Way
To Duty: — You must please to *follow me*:

Alz. Oh, Fortune! Fortune! This is *too severe*!
Zamor is DEAD: and I am *only CAPTIVE*!
— Why do'st THOU weep? — What has a *Spaniard's* Tears
To do, with *Woos*, which none but *Spaniards* CAUSE?
Come: — If to *Death* thou lead'st me, 'twill be *kind*:
There only, Weakness wrong'd, can *Refuge* find:

END of the FOURTH ACT

ACT

ACT V.

ALZIRA, guarded.

Alz. **A**M I to die? — Answer, ye dumb Destroyers?
Ye Wretches! who provoke, yet mock at, Heaven:
And, when you mean to murder, say, you judge!

Why does your brutal Silence leave my Soul
Flutt'ring, 'twixt Hope and Fear, in torturing Doubt?
Why am I not inform'd, of Zamor's Fate?

They will not speak: no Matter. — She, who hopes
To hear no Good; why would she hear, at all?
The Conduct of these watchful Mutes is strange!
They seize me, guard me, and confine me, here;
Yet answer nothing, but with Looks of Hate!
Chancing, but now, to sigh my Zamor's Name,
Ev'n These low Monsters, struck with Spanish Envy,
Started, turn'd pale; and trembled, at the Sound!

Enter EZMONT.

Alas! — my Father, too?

Ezm. To what dark Depth
Of sad Despair hast thou reduc'd us all?
See, now, the Fruits of thy unlist'ning Love!
Even in the Instant, while, with growing Hope,
We pleaded, earnest, for the Life of Zamor;
While we yet hung, on the half-granted Prayer:
An enter'ing Soldier drew our Notice toward him.
'Twas Zamor! — dreadful, in a borrow'd Dress!
At once, he hurl'd his furious EYES, amongst us,
And his more furious PERSON. — Scarce I saw,
So rapid was his Motion, that his Hand

Held

Held a *drawn Sword*! — To enter — reach our *Seats*,
 And, *Lyon-like*, spring to the *Breast of Carlos*;
 Th' *Affault*, the *Wound*, the *Death*, was, all, *One Moment*!
 Out gush'd your *Husband's Blood*, to stain your *Father's* —
 As if 'twou'd lend me *Blushes*, for a *Daughter*!
 — *Zamor*, mean while, the dreadful *Action done*,
 Soft'ning to sudden *Calmness*, at the *Feet*
 Of sad *Alvarez fell*: and, to *his Hand*,
 Refig'n'd the *Sword*, which his *Son's Blood* made *horrid*.
 The *Father* started into *back'ning Terror*!
 The *Murd'rer* dash'd his *Bosom* to the *Ground*,
 I but *reveng'd* (he cry'd) my *Wrongs*, and *Shame*!
 I but my *Duty* knew, — Know *You* your own.
 Nature your *Motive*, and *Oppression mine*.
 He said no more: — but, *prostrate*, hop'd his *Doom*.

Th' afflicted *Father* sunk upon my *Bosom*;
 The silent *Night* grew frightful, with our *Cries*.
 From every *Side* at once, in broke the *Swarms*:
 A *Flow* of fruitless *Help* surrounded *Carlos*;
 To stop th' *out-welling Blood*, and *hold back Life*.
 — But what most shakes me, tho' 'tis *told-thee, last*,
 Is — that *They* think *Thee* guilty of his *Death*;
 And, insolently *Loud*, demand *Thy own*.

Alz. Ah! — can you —

Exm. No. IMPOSSIBLE. I cannot.

I know thy *Heart* too well, to *wrong thee, so*.
 I know thee too, too capable of *Weakness*;
 But *not* of *purpos'd Blood*. — I saw this *Danger*.
 But, *Thy own Eyes*, even on the *Brink of Fate*,
 Were blinded by thy *Love*; — and thou art *fallen*!
 — Thy *Husband* murder'd, by thy *Lover's Hand*,
 The *Council* that accuses, will *condemn thee*:
 And *ignominious Death* becomes thy *Doom*.
 I came, to warn thee, and *prepare thy Spirit*.
 Now, hast'ning back, try every *Hope*, for *Pardon*,
 Or, failing to *redeem thee*, *share thy Death*.

Alz.

Alz. My *Pardon*! — Pardon, at these *Wretches* Hands!
 The Prince my *Father* stoop his Prayer to THEM!
Death, if it hides me from *That Thought*, is *Rapture*.
 — Ah! Sir, *live on*: hope still some *happier Day*;
 To pay back all these *Pangs*, — and bless *Peru*.
 Wait That *due Day*, — and love the lost *Alzira*;
 'Tis all the *Prayer* she makes, and all, she wishes.

I pity dying *Carlos*; for, I find
 His Fate too cruel: and I mourn it, deeper,
 Thro' Fear, He has *deserv'd* it. — As for *Zamor*,
 Whose Rashness has reveng'd a *Country's Wrongs*,
 Urg'd by too keen Remembrance of *his own*,
 I neither *censure*, nor *excuse*, his Deed:
 I wou'd have *staid* him: but, He *rush'd to die*;
 And 'tis not in my *Choice*, to *live*, without him.

Exm. Shed thy wish'd Mercy here, All-powerful Heaven!

[Exit.]

Alz. [alone] My weeping *Father* call'd on *Heav'n*, to
save me.

I will not task the Grace of *Heav'n*, so far:
 Let me no longer be, — and I'm not wretched.
 Th' *Almighty Christian Power*, that knows me innocent,
 Exacts (they say) Long *Life*, in fix'd Distress;
 And suffers not the Brave to shorten *Woe*.
 If so, the *Gods* once mine, were less severe;
 Why shou'd the *Wretch* who hopes not, struggle on,
 Thro' *viewless* Lengths of circling *Miseries*,
 And dread the Hand of *Death*, that points to *Refuge*!
 Sure! *Christians*, in this Tale, belie their God.
 His conqu'ring *Favourite*s, whome He arms with *Thunder*,
 Can They have *Right*, from HIM, to waste the World,
 To drive whole Millions into *Death's* cold Arms;
 And, shall not I, for *Safety*, claim that *Power*,
 Which He permits to Them, for *Martial Rage*?
 — Ah! — *Zamor* comes! They lead him out, to die!

Enter

Enter ZAMOR, in Chains : Guarded by Spaniards.

Zam. Kind, in their purpos'd *Insult*, they have brought me
Where my expiring Soul shall mix, with *Thine*.
Yes, my *Alzira*, we are doom'd, together.
Their black Tribunal has condemn'd us, *Both* :
But *Carlos* is not dead : — THAT wounds me deepest.
Carlos survives, to boast short *Triumph* o'er us :
And dies so slowly, that our Fate comes, first.
— Yet, He must die : my Hand not err'd so far,
But he must die : and, when he does, my Soul
Shall snatch th'expected Moment, hovering, watchful,
And hunt him, in *Revenge*, from Star, to Star.

Pious *Alvarez*, mournful, comes, behind,
Charg'd with our bloody Sentence, sign'd, in Council,
That *Murder* may be sanctify'd, by *Form*.
My only Grief is, — that *Thou* diest, for ME.

Alz. That, That, shou'd leave thy Grief without a Cause.
Since I am thus belov'd, to die with *Zamor*,
Is Happiness, un-hop'd ! — blefs, blefs my Fate ;
For this sole Blow, that cou'd have broke my Chain.
Think, that This Period of suppos'd Distress,
This Moment, that unites us, tho', in Death,
Is the first Time, my Love was free from Woe.
The smiling Fate restores me to myself :
And I can give a Heart, now, all, my own.
If there's a Cause for Tears, *ALVAREZ* claims 'em :
I, while he speaks our Doom, shall feel, but HIS.

Zam. See ! where the Mourner comes ! and weeps his
Errand.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alz. Which, of us Three, does Fortune, most, Distress ?
What an Assemblage ours, of mingled Woes !

Zam. Since Heaven will have it so, that, from Thy Tongue,
I shou'd receive Death's Summons, let it come :

H

'Twill

'Twill have *one* Power to *please*, — for, I shall HEAR thee.
Do not, then, *pity*; but condemn me boldly;
And, if thy Heart, tho' *Spanish*, bends, beneath it,
Think, thou but doom'st an unsubmitting *Savage*;
Who *kill'd* thy Son — because, *unlike* his Father.

But, what has poor *Alzira* done, against thee?
Why must *she* die, in whome a *People* lives?
In whome, *alone*, glows That collected Soul,
That, in past Ages, brighten'd all *Peru*!
Is *Innocence* a Crime, where *Spaniards* judge?
Known, and *assum'd* by us, for all thy *Virtues*,
The jealous *Envy* of thy Land re-claims thee;
And crops thy *Indian* Growth, to creep, like *Spain*.

Alz. Wond'rous old *Virtue*! obstinately *kind*!
Thou, *singly Just*, amidst a Race of *Thieves*!
'Twere to be base as *They* are, cou'd I stoop
To deprecate a Vengeance *duely* Thine.

For thy Son's Blood, be mine thy *willing* Sacrifice.
All I require, is — but *Escape* from *Slander*;
From poor *Suspicion* of a Guilt I *scorn*.
Carlos, tho' *hated*, was a *hated* Husband:
Whence, even my *Hatred* ow'd his Life *Defence*.
He was *Alvarez*'s Son, too; and, as *such*,
Call'd for That *Rev'ence*, which *Himself* deserv'd not.
As for thy *Nation*, let 'em *praise*, or *blame* me,
Thy *Witness* only can be worth my *Claim*.
As for my *Death*, 'tis *joy*, to die, with *Zamor*:
And all the *Pain* I suffer, — is, for *THEE*.

Alv. Words will have *Way*: or *Grief*, suppress'd in vain,
Wou'd *burst* its Passage, with th' *out-rushing* Soul.
Whose Sorrows ever match'd this mingled Scene
Of *Tenderness*, with *Horror*! — my Son's *Murderer*
Is *Zamor*! — He, who guarded me, from *Murder*,
Is, *also*, *ZAMOR*! Hold That *Image*, fast,
Afflicted Nature! — *LIFE*, *unwisht*, by me,
Is *due*, to *Zamor*: young, *belov'd*, untry'd

In Hope's false Failings, *Life* might make *Him* happy.

My *Taste* of *Time* is GONE : and *Life*, to me,

Is but an Evening's Walk, in *Rain*, and *Darkness*.

Father I *am* (at least, I *was*, a Father :

But, every Father, first, was form'd, a MAN.

And, spite of Nature's Call, that cries for *Vengeance*,

The Voice of *Gratitude* must still be heard.

Oh! *Thou*, so late my *Daughter* ! *Thou* ! whome, yet

'Spite of these *Tears*, I call by That lov'd Name !

Mistake not my *Pursuit*. — I cannot *taste*

Those horrible *Reliefs*, that rise, from *Blood*.

It shocks me, thro' a Soul, that *feels*, for *Three* ;

Hard Stroke of Justice ! thus, to lose, at once,

My *Daughter*, my *Deliverer*, and my *Son*.

The *Council*, with misguided View to *sooth* me,

I'll chose my *Tongue*, to tell their dreadful Will.

True, I receiv'd the Charge : for, I had weigh'd it.

'Twere not impossible, perhaps, to *save* you :

Zamor might make it *Easy*.

Zam. Can I do it ?

Can *Zamor* save *Alzira* ? — Quickly tell me,

How ? — By what Length of Torments ? and, 'tis done.

Alv. Cast off thy *Idol Gods* : and be a *Christian*.

That single Change reverses all our Fates.

Kind to the courted Souls of *Pagan Converts*,

We have a *Law*, remits their Body's *Doom*.

This latent *Law*, by Heaven's peculiar Mercy,

Points out a *Road*, and gives a *Right*, to PARDON.

Religion can disarm a *Christian's Anger*.

Thy *Blood* becomes a *Brother's*, so converted,

And with a *living Son*, repays a *Dead*.

Prevented *Vengeance*, seiz'd in her Descent,

So rests, suspended, and forgets to fall.

From thy new Faith, *Alzira* draws new *Life* ;

And *Both* are happy here, and sav'd, hereafter.

Why art thou silent ? Is the Task so hard,

To add *Eternal* Life, to Life, below?

Speak,—from *thy Choice*, determine *my Relief*,

Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a *second Being*.

Yes,—to *restore* the Life Thou *robb'st* me of,

A Childless Father wishes *THEE to live*.

Alzira is a *Christian*: be *Thou* so.

'Tis all the *Recompence*, my *Wrongs* will *urge*.

Zam. [*to Alz.*] *Shall we*, thou fairest, noblest, Boast of
Beauty!

Shall we, so far, indulge our *Fear to die*?

Shall the Soul's Baseness bid the Body *live*?

Shall *Zamor's Gods* bow to the *Gods of Carlos*?

Why wou'd *Alvarez* bend me, down, to *Shame*?

Why wou'd He, thus, become the *Spirit's Tyrant*?

Into how strange a *Snare* am I impell'd!

Either *Alzira* dies, or lives, to *scorn* me!

Tell me,—When Fortune gave Thee to *my Power*,

Had I, at *such a Purchase*, held thy Life,

Tell me, with honest Truth,—*Wou'd'st* Thou have *bought* it?

Alv. I shou'd have *pray'd* the Power, I *now* implore,

To widen, for His *Truth*, a Heart like *Thine*:

Dark as it is, yet, *worthy* to be *Christian*.

Zam. [*to Alz.*] *Death* has no *Pain*, but what I feel for
Thee.

Life has no Power to charm, but what *Thou* giv'st it.

Thou, then, that art my *Soul*, vouchsafe to *guide* it.

But, *think*! — *remember*, ere thou bid'st me *chuse*!

'Tis on a *Matter*, of more Weight than *Life*;

'Tis on a *Subject*, that concerns my *Gods*:

And, All those Gods, in *One*, — my dear ALZIRA!

I trust it to thy Honour, — *Speak*, — and fix me.

If thou conceiv'st it *Shame*, thou will *disdain* it.

Alz. Then, *hear* me, *Zamor*. — My unhappy Father

Dispos'd my willing *Heart*, 'twixt *Heaven*, and *Thee*:

The *God*, He chose, was *mine*: — Thou may'st, perhaps,

Accuse it, as the *Weakness* of my *Youth*:

But,

But, 'twas not so. My Soul, enlarg'd, and clear,
Took in the solemn Light of Christian Truth.
I saw, --- at least, I thought I saw, Conviction.
And, when my Lips abjur'd my Country's Gods,
My secret Heart confirm'd the Change, *within*.

But, had I wanted that directive Zeal,
Had I renounc'd my Gods, yet still believ'd 'em;
That --- had not been an Error, but a Crime:
That had been mocking Heaven's whole Host, at once;
The Powers I quitted, and the Power I chose.
A Change like That, had err'd, beyond the Tongue;
And taught the silent, servile Soul, to lie.
I cou'd have wish'd, that Heaven had lent thee Light,
But since It did not, --- let thy Virtue guide thee.

Zam. I knew thy gen'rous Choice, before I heard it.
Who, that can die with Thee, wou'd shun such Death,
And live, to his own Infamy? --- Not Zamor.

Alv. Inhuman Slighters of yourselves, and me!
Whome Honour renders blind, and Virtue cruel!

[A dead March]

Hark! --- the Time presses. --- These are Sounds of Sorrow.

Enter Don ALONZO, follow'd by a mix'd Crowd, of
Spaniards, and Americans, mournful.

Alon. We bring, obedient to his last Command,
Our dying Captain, your unhappy Son,
Who lives no longer, than to reach your Bosom.
A furious Crowd of his lamenting Friends
Press, to attend him, and revenge his Blood.

Enter Don CARLOS: brought in by Spanish Soldiers,
and surrounded by a Number of Followers, some of
whome advance, to seize ALZIRA.

Zam. [Interposing] Wretches! keep Distance. --- Let
Alzira live:
Mine was the single Guilt, --- be mine the Vengeance.

Alz.

Alz. Be feasted, ye officious Hounds of Blood:
Guiltless or Guilty, tis my Choice, to die.

Alv. My Son! my dying Son! --- this silent Paleness,
This Look, speaks for thee, and forbids all Hope.

Zam. [to *D. Car.*] Even to the Last then, thou maintain'st
thy Hate?

Come --- see me suffer: mark my Eye: and scorn me,
If my expiring Soul confesses Fear.

Look --- and be taught, at least, to die --- by *Zamor.*

D. Car. [to *Zam.*] I have no Time, to copy out thy Virtues:
But, there are some of mine, I come to teach thee.

I shou'd, in Life, have given thy Pride Example:

Take it (too late) in Death: and mark it, well.

[To *Alv.*] Sir, my departing Spirit staid its Journey,

First, 'till my Eyes might leave their Beams in yours;

And their dim Lights expire, amidst your Blessing.

Next, what you taught me, 'tis my Task to show,

And die, the Son of your paternal Virtue.

--- Eager in Life's warm Race, I never stopp'd,

To look behind me, and review my Way.

But, at the Gole, before I judg'd it near,

I start, --- and recollect forgotten Slidings.

On the Grave's serious Verge, I turn, --- and see

Humanity oppress'd, to cherish Pride:

Heaven has reveng'd the Earth: --- and Heav'n is just!

Cou'd my own Blood but expiate what I shed,

All, my rash Sword has drawn, from suff'ring Innocence,

I shou'd lie down in Dust, --- and rest in Peace.

Cheated by prosp'rous Fortune, Death deals plainly;

But --- I have learnt to live, when Life forsakes me.

Safe, and forgiven, be the Hand I fall by.

Power is, yet, mine: and It absolves my Murder.

Live, my proud Enemy; and live, in Freedom.

Live, -- and observe, tho' Christians oft act ill,

They must forgive Ill Actions, in Another.

--- *Ezmont*, my Friend! and you, ye friendless Indians!

Sub-

Subjects, not Slaves! be rul'd, henceforth, by LAW.
 Be grateful to my *Pity*, tho' 'twas late;
 And teach your Country's Kings, to fear no longer.
 --- *Rival*, learn, hence, the Diff'rence, 'twixt our Gods;
Thine have inspir'd thee to pursue *Revenge*:
 But, *mine*, when *That Revenge* had reach'd my *Life*,
 Command me to esteem, and give thee *Pardon*.

Alv. Virtues like *These*, my Son, secure thy *Peace*:
 But double the *Distress* of us, who lose thee.

Alz. Of all the painful *Wonders* thou hast caus'd me,
 This *Change*, this *Language*, will afflict me, most!

Zam. Die, soon, or LIVE FOR EVER. --- If thou, thus,
 Go'st on, to charm my *Anger* into *Envy*,
 I shall repent, I was not born, a *Christian*,
 And hate the *Justice*, that compell'd my Blow!

D. Car. I will go farther, yet; --- I will not leave thee,
 Till I have soften'd *Envy*, into *Friendship*.

--- Mournful *Alzira* has been too unhappy:
 Lov'd, to *Distress*, and married to *Misfortune*!

I wou'd do something, to atone her Wrongs:
 And, with a softer *Sense*, imprint her *Pity*.

Take her, --- and owe her, to the Hand she hates.

Live, --- and remember me, without a *Curse*.

Resume lost Empire, o'er your conquer'd States:

Be Friends, to *Spain*: --- nor Enemies, to me.

[to *Alv.*] -- Vouchsafe my Claim, Sir, to *This Son*, *this Daughter*:

And be, both *Father*, and *Protector*, too.

May Heaven, and you, be kind! and *They* be --- *Christians*!

Zam. I stand immoveable, --- confus'd! --- astonish'd!

If *These* are *Christian* Virtues, I am *Christian*.

The *Faith*, that can inspire this gen'rous *Change*,

Must be *Divine*, --- and glows with all its God!

--- *Friendship*, and *Constancy*, and *Right*, and *Pity*,

All *These*, were Lessons, I had learnt, before.

But, This *unnat'ral* Grandeur of the Soul

Is more than mortal: and out-reaches *Virtue*.

It draws,---It charms,---It binds me, to be *Christian*.

It bids me *blush*, at my remember'd *Rashness*:

Curse my *Revenge*,---and pay thee *all my Love*.

[*Throws himself at his Feet.*]

Alz. A *Widow'd Wife*, blushing to be *thus late*,

In her *Acknowledgment* of tender *Pity*;

Low, at your injur'd *Feet*, with prostrate *Heart*,

[*Kneels with Zamor.*]

Weeps your untimely *Death*: and thanks your *Goodness*.

---Torn, by contending *Passions*, I *want Power*

To *spea*k, a thousand *Truths*, I *see you merit*:

But, honour, and confess,---your *Greatness*, *wrong'd*.

D. Car. Weep not, *Alzira*.---I forgive, *again*.

---For the *last Time*, my *Father*! lend your *Bosom*.

Live, to be *blest'd*!---and make *Alzira so*!

Remember, *Zamor*,---that a *Christian*---Oh! [*Dies.*]

Alv. [*to Exm.*] I see the *Hand of Heaven*, in our *Misfortune*.

But, *Justice* strikes: and *Sufferers* must submit.

Woes are *Good Counsellors*: and, kindly, *show*,

What *prosperous Error* never lets us *know*.

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END of the TRAGEDY.



